THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

DEACON & PETERSON, PUBLISHERS,
NUMBER SIXTY-SIX SOUTH THIRD STREET.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.
THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

Edmund Deacon, Henry Peterson, } Editors and Proprietors.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 17, 1857.

Established August 4, 1821.
Whole Number Issued 1851.

Original Novelet.

TALLENGETTA;

OR,

THE SQUATTER'S HOME.

A STORY OF AUSTRALIAN LIFE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY WILLIAM HOWITT,
Author of "Rural Life in England," "Homes of the Poets," &c.

CHAPTER VI.

A STIRRING TIME; FIRE, FLOODS AND GOLD.

"This is heart breaking work," said Abner ...ilks one evening, as he came into tea, with a number of nectarines in his hand, shrivelled up into little lumps, resembling leather more than anything else; "cruel, woful work it is, to see such fine fruit ruinated as this is. It makes me quite melancholy to go about the garden, and see nothing but scorched leaves all curled up into ...ple-shells; and grapes, and melons, apples and ..., and all sorts of fruit coddled on the trees. ...aters are all dried up tops to nothing; and ...y tell me they will grow no more till rain ...es; and they'll put out new tops and new ..., so we must get them before that, half ... as they are."

...had looked quite cut down and out of heart, ...he loved his garden as every good gardener ..., and had walked about with extraordinary ...e amid such a show of fruit as he had never ...efore ... in growing in the open air.

"Ay, a nice country, isn't it?" said Peggy, who never let an opportunity of abusing the co... escape her: "a very nice country. Don't think it would have been fine gardening in Sprittlecake's oven? The old baker could ...wn your seed for you as soon as his fag... burned down to hot ashes, and that's ...rt of stuff you've been trying to grow your ...ies and your reddises in. And so you thought, ... you, that you were going to grow peaches ... apricocks and melons, and all such grand ...gs in common orchards, eh? Without walls, or gl... or green houses, or any wonder of thing, eh. And whuff! comes the fire, as if it ... out ... old Sprittlecake's oven, and where ...they? A nice country, indeed! a very nice ... Pray, I hope you enjoy it, Abner."

"Well," said Abner, "if I do it's more than ... seem to do, Peggy. You seem to take a delight in making bad worse, and if you can find a ... trust you for hitting it. Now, isn't it ...ugh to dr... any man out of his senses to see ... a world of beautiful fruits cut off in their ...e, as one may say, and all the beans, peas, ... the very parsely shrivelled up into curl... and fret, you can jibe one about it. Prithee hold th... tongue, wench."

"But I thought," said Peggy, pouring out the tea, "you'd hit on such a famous scheme for making all the months come right. Did you put down any note about sowing parsnips and growing grapes in old Sprittlecake's oven? But I think that's a touch above you, Abner."

"But," said Abner, "such a hot wind and such a conflagoration they tell me don't, may-hap, come more than once in a man's life."

"Nay, they hadn't need," said Peggy, "once is enough for me. But Milly Barks says these hot winds blow every few days in summer."

"But not such a wind as this," replied Abner, and such a bush fire was never known."

"I reckon it waited of us," said Peggy; "it's very good of it; we generally come in for a boon ...f there be's one. Fah! I just went out of doors, ...nd slash comes the heat like a blast furnace into my face. I thought I was killed outright. ...y breath was gone; my throat was burnt; the water gushed out of my eyes, and my face actually seemed skinned. And this is a Christian country, is it? I wish I had 'em as first came and found it out, a nuisance it; and but for them ...ndering helpless vagabonds as couldn't be ...ept at home, nobody need ...ave come here to ...e grilled alive, or have known anything about it."

"But what are our troubles, Peggy, to those of thousands? They have lost all they have, and some of 'em their lives." It is enough to melt the heart of a stone to hear of all the suffering there ... See what a state our neighbor Poncelord's run is in. All burnt out, and their cattle perishing, and the captain and the missis running about in the woods and working like slaves to keep the poor creture alive."

"Well, and they should even have had more ... to come to such a country," said Peggy. ... will run into the fire with their eyes ...e to hinder them? Not me, I'm ... there's poor Bell Metcalfe has nearly ...ve," said Abner; "it a narrow miss, ... have been but for Dr. Woolstan, who ... him fifty miles through the bush by necromancy they say, and recovered him at the last gasp."

"Ay, that's something of a man now," said ...'s up and off like a gentleman, and ... her creturs, and you sit here whimpering over a lot o' coddled apples, do you or anybody any good. ... for, Abner, I should like to ... good for I wonder?"

... cried Abner clapping his ... and tossing off the last of his ... those are the truest words and ... you've said these three months. ...gy, and so just hear. Mas... and help the Poncefords and ... and can't be no better till ... I'm off."

... his capital American axe; ran ... hat-cap, and came down again ... with pleasure. His warm ... vet the thought of lending ... distress.

"...ng, Abner?" asked Peggy with tears in her eyes, and ... in her hand. "Now? ...ng for?"

...s, just as they may want ...izing his axe.

"Well, God bless thee, my lad," said Peggy, coming up and giving him a kiss, "and think no more of my nonsense; thou knows I mean no harm, but I can't help raffling a bit, now and then. My mother was no before me, and yet th' old man and her lived to be ninety. Her raffling broke no bones, thou sees."

"Not it," said Abner, giving her a good smack, and striding out of the hut; "only mustard to the old man's beef." And with that he laid a hand on the post and rail fence, leaped lightly over it, and strode swiftly down the valley.

Peggy stood watching him till he waved his hand in passing behind a tall thicket, and said—"Um! if I'd known that he was going off at once, I'd have kept my tongue in my head; and it took one at such a nonplush that I never thought to tell him to take care the burnt trees don't tumble on him." And she turned and went in.

Summer passed on with all its drought, dearth, and suffering. Autumn came with its rushing winds and driving rains. The refreshed ground very soon gave evidence of new life, and the kangaroo grass in the woods, began to make them verdant with its tufts of delicate green, and the cattle and sheep devoured it eagerly. Soon there was grass, short but delicious to the cropping flocks on the plains, and water running in a thousand channels, and pools and rivers once more swelling with their welcome supplies. Once more the countless swarms of frogs which had saved themselves in the earth, made the air resound with their many strange notes. The flocks and herds ranged once more in leisurely plenty the forest, and all nature seemed relieved and restored.

But the floods as well as the drought which Mrs. Quarrier had predicted, came. The rains so long delayed, once let loose, appeared as if they would never cease. For a whole fortnight they continued to pour down day and night. Occasionally fierce winds edged through the woods, and it was hoped that they would carry away the rain, but soon the clouds reassembled, and the still, steady, soaking rain continued to fall. Soon the brooks and rivers began to shine out above their banks, and on low grounds spread wide sheets of water like lakes.

Amid all this the most wonderful rumors flew too and fro, of the discovery and the gathering of gold. All Melbourne and Geelong were said to have deserted their homes, and to have crowded up to Ballarat and Mount Alexander. If you had believed everything that was said, that mount must be a mount of solid gold. People were shovelling gold into sacks like potatoes, and huge nuggets lay about like boulder-stones. Of all the marvels the most marvellous was, that neither natives, nor squatters, nor shepherds had seen these glittering treasures; had never run their feet against them; had never picked them up to pelt a restive sheep or ox. Young men had come out of England, and gathered such sacks of gold, that they had returned millionaires in the very same ship that brought them out. The lawyer, the merchant, the clergyman, all were armed with spade and pick, and were making far prettier pickings on the gold fields than they had ever done before. Officials of all ranks threw up their posts, and posted away to these wonderful regions. Sydney was rushing over land and by steamers with all its scamps. Not a lag would lag behind, either there or in Van Diemen's Land. It came with all its demons. Not a creek but ran with gold, not a sod but covered it, not a tent but had a lad in it to whom the Aladdin of Arabia was a mere goose. The Governor rode up, and poked away the moss from the roots of trees, and picked up nuggets. He sat on his horse, and saw rude fellows shovelling up gold like sand.

At such news the very earth under your feet seemed to creep and tremble. Shepherds, stockmen, hut keepers, all ran helter-skelter away, every man afraid of being too late in the scramble. Flocks, herds, horses, everything alive or dead, were left to take care of themselves. Who would stay in the woods amongst the shadows, when he might in a few days be a man of untold substance. It was every one for himself, and the devil take the hindmost. The squatters rode about in consternation; the flocks were all astray in the bush, with only the wild dogs watching them. Not a man was to be had for love or money. Love! what love ever withstood gold? Money! what of that when here the stuff of which it is made, was to be had in any quantity for the stooping.

Women and little children, and a few old superannuated fellows who had been set in a corner as only fit to keep the fire in and the dogs out, were called hastily into the bush and set a shepherding. The squatter often looked after one of his own flocks, and his wife and daughters after others, or brought round the rations. Young ladies left the piano and the needle, and scoured the forest hills and glens reconnoitring bullocks. There went a wild cry through the whole land that the end of the squatters' world was come, and that wool should be no more. How could such a thing as squatting exist when all the world was running at full speed? Where would the wool soon be but hanging on the thorns, and the mutton but in the stomachs of the dingoes? The prospect was, in truth, frightful, and never were men fuller of fright than the squatters. Oh! out of what a blessed and beautiful rest they were at once thrown by the stupendous occurrence, and they stood fixed in despair. Ruin, ruin, inevitable ruin seemed their portion; and yet—why not run too away to these diggings, where, if half were true, they could secure instant recompense?

But the poor squatters clung with a convulsive love to their pleasant wilds, their flocks and herds. Some strained every nerve, and put every woman and child on the stretch to keep their stock safe; others in their panic, sold or offered to sell their runs for an old song. Mr. Quarrier rode over to Tallengetta like a man possessed. Every shepherd, every man of every kind had run off from his station. His wife was cooking, his girls running for water, peeling potatoes, and making beds. His mother was on horseback, hunting up the cattle—and as for himself, he appeared to be galloping from station to station, like the man in the siege of Jerusalem, crying woe! woe! woe! to himself and to all the colony.

At Tallengetta things were far better. Though the shepherds and stockmen had run off, yet Barks and Purdy, Abner and David Rannock stood true. They declared, one and all, that they longed to have a race to the diggings too, but they would wait awhile, and see how the stock was to be cared for. Mr. Fitzpatrick thanked them heartily, trebled their wages, and declared that at the very first opportunity they should have their adventure. The women at the huts cooked, and Charles drove round with rations. So all was wonderfully well under the circumstances.

But still, a heavy load lay on the minds of the Tallengetta family. They could not see how this state of things could be maintained. If there were no men to be had, the squatting interest must go down, and all the stock must perish. It was a melancholy prospect. If they attempted to sell, who would buy? And to return to England poorer than they came out, was not to be thought of. Tallengetta in all its beauty, with that glorious view of woods and waters, and mountains, was a house of woe.

The Poncefords, the Woolstans and Metcalfes, were all in the same condition. They were all strenuously employed in preserving their property; and could not, therefore, make visits to sympathize or counsel one with another; but they showed, when Charles or his father rode over to them, wonderful patience, and the doctor, whom they found baking a damper, while his flock rested, being his own shepherd, away in the bush, quite cheerful, and the first man to pronounce all this a fleeting state of things. "An earthquake," he said, "does not last very long. Nothing very violent possesses duration, and nothing ever was so violent as this crisis, and, therefore, it must be proportionably short. I bide my time," said he, taking up his damper now baked, and bidding his sisters smell how delicious it was.

But Mr. Quarrier kept galloping about, offering his run at any price, saying the colony was ruined: it might be a place for savvies, but was so no longer for gentlemen. One day, in the midst of a violent tirade on the subject, he pulled out a letter from his mother, and threw it on the table. The next moment he was gone, and Mrs. Fitzpatrick, taking up the letter, read to the whole family's astonishment, as follows:—

My Dear Mrs. Fitzpatrick—

Don't let my son persuade Mr. Fitzpatrick to sell his station. The colony ruined by gold! It will be made by it. Wait a few weeks, and you shall have shepherds at pleasure. All is not gold that glitters at the diggings, any more than anywhere else. Thousands, I hear, are already disappointed, or disgusted. Those are your men. They will be shepherds and stockmen for good wages. And then! only think what a price meat will be! What a price everything will be! Hundreds of thousands are pouring in to get the gold; and, thanks to good old mother Nature, and her laws, every body must as surely eat and drink. Hurrah, for the gold fields! Hurrah for the squatters! Theirs will be the chief diggings. The Gold Age is at last come to the Bush!

Yours, affectionately,
Ann Quarrier.

Garragong, April, 1853.

"As sure as I live, she is right again!" exclaimed Mr. Fitzpatrick, starting up. "How is it that this old lady can always see, and all of us besides are blind! I will pledge my existence that she is right; and yet her own son has been riding all about like a maniac, and might have ruined us all. Hurrah for the gold fields! Hurrah for the squatters! Hurrah, three times three, and nine times nine, for Mrs. Quarrier, the wise!"

Charles flung up his cap, and the ladies all joined in the hurrah by clapping their hands in delight.

"But there is one thing," said Mr. Fitzpatrick, "that should not be neglected," as if struck with a sudden idea. "That stretch of land on the Goulburn, so indispensable for our sheep-washing and summer pasturage, which was made over to us by Mr. Farbrother, is only transferred verbally. If the value of stations rises greatly, as it will, he may be disposed to draw back. We must have this looked to before the panic is over. What is to be done?"

"I will ride off at once to him," said Charles, "and take the agreement to sign."

"But he lives now beyond the Campaspe, and I fear the waters are out, in which case it will be impossible to reach him."

The ladies were all terrified at the very idea, and begged that Charles might not go. They were all too well acquainted with his ardent, daring temperament.

"No, no!" said Charles; "I will run in no danger. I will ride over to the Metcalfes. They have a boat, and live on high ground above the river. I have no doubt they can pull me across. Trust to me," said Charles; "I'll take good care of my precious self."

CHAPTER VII.

THE UNEXPECTED NEIGHBOR.

Early in the morning Charles was mounted on a splendid brown mare, with the buoyant and delightful feeling of youth backing a noble steed, and bound for new scenes, and, perhaps, adventures. He rolled up behind him his oil-skin overalls, and coat with a hood, so that, in case of rain, he could defy it all, and with the necessary supply of matches, rug, and some provision, in case of being obliged to lie out in the woods by any accident, he dashed away with his favorite tawny bull-terrier, Club, rushing on before him, barking in obstreperous delight at the prospect of a run into the bush.

Charles passed over the hill above the house, and there he plunged into the boundless forests. For an hour or two, he cantered along, occasionally called out of his way by the barking of Club, who had a wild cat or an opossum or a bandicoot, or something of the sort, in a hollow tree, or under the fallen logs; and Charles stayed to assist the dog by a few strokes of the small axe at his girdle. But soon he began to think that he was wasting time, and calling Club to keep with him, rode on briskly through the forest. Towards noon the wind rose, and masses of thick, dark clouds were poured over the woods. He perceived a storm coming, and prepared for it by dismounting and putting on his oil-skin suit. It was not too soon; the squally rain came down in torrents, and though it could touch no other part of him, it drove directly in his face, and prevented him seeing the way before him. What was worse, it also baffled his horse, and impeded his speed. Charles, therefore, drew up under the side of a lightwood tree, whose olive-like foliage presented the only shelter amongst the trees of the forest. Long and furiously beat down the dashing, splashing rain, and mingled with it came several crashes of intense thunder, late as it was in the season.

Charles looked round, from time to time, to see if any break in the clouds promised a discontinuance of the tempest, but all was one thick, misty obscurity in the atmosphere. Club sat and whined at the foot of the tree; the horse pawed the ground impatiently, its shoulders and flank smoking from the evaporating rain, and Charles now inwardly regretted the delay occasioned by Club's hunting propensities. But he could not, he thought, be far from Moolap, and he resolved to go on. His mare was glad to proceed, and spite of the tempest still driving right into her eyes, she trotted on. But presently Charles saw, with astonishment, that the track had disappeared. How was that? Had he left the true one? He became alarmed, and took out his compass. North was his true direction, and he now saw that for some time he must have been riding precisely north-east!

What was to be done? He must cut across westward to regain the true path to Moolap; but, confounded by the driving, obscuring tempest, it would be difficult, perhaps, to strike the path again. He might come upon it where it was too faint to perceive it. He might even now be so far that, by taking that course, he should strike the river lower down. There was nothing, however, for it, except going back, which his pride forbade. He would not willingly confess at home that he had been "bushed," as the term is, between Tallengetta and Moolap. He rode on eagerly, anxiously, looking right and left for some object of recognition. Now he was involved amongst a chaos of fallen trees; now his horse was, wading to his sides through deep scrub, dripping with the wet. Now he came out into a wide, flat solitude, where, beneath the shadow of the trees, grew nothing but dense clumps of thorny acacia, resembling masses of our blackthorn. Then again, he passed over miles of forest, beneath the trees of which grew myrtle-like shrubs as high as his horse, making all look monotonously green. All was new to him. Finally he found himself down in a low situation, on the bank of a stream where extended great swamps, and where a thick growth of the black acacia gave the place a most gloomy and lonely aspect.

"How is this? Where in the world can I be? This cannot be the Campaspe, and yet what other stream can there be? I am fairly bushed, and no mistake."

Such were the thoughts of Charles as he stopped and looked around him on that desolate, disheartening scene. To cross the stream he found impossible from the extensive marshes, and, though reluctantly, he turned his horse once more somewhat to the right, to gain some higher ground.

Arrived there, and the rain clearing off, he dismounted, and determined to let his horse rest and feed, and get some tea himself, for he was cold. But any one who has attempted to make a fire in the bush when everything is soaked with rain, may understand that he had no easy task before him. He made many attempts to kindle the dried leaves he could find. It was useless; they only gave out volumes of smoke and expired. He therefore sought the holes of the trees to discover some loose-hanging bark on the leeside of the trunk, which might have escaped the rain, and in this he at length succeeded, and raised a fire. Over this, as he sat warming his chilled hands, he pondered on the probability of his situation. How he had got wrong? On which side Moolap really could lie? But the more he thought, the more he was bewildered. Not a yard that he had passed over since the rain commenced did he recognize. The whole country looked to him perfectly strange. What could this stream be? He was confounded beyond extrication, and once flurried, all is over in such cases. North, south, east and west are all one. Still, come the worst, his horse and dog would carry him home again. But no, not so! while a chance was left. He sprung up in distraction, and ran to a neighboring slope of the hill, hoping that he might thence gain a view of the Campaspe valley. Not a glimpse of it! but only one wide stretch of forest, without particular feature; one solitary, savage scene. He listened for a cock crowing; for an axe; the sound of a bullock-driver to his team, or a dog barking at a flock. Not a sound, except a tree-creeper near, ascending the tall, clear stem of a tree, with its unceasing cry, without pause or break, of "pee-pee-pee-pee-pee."

Dispirited immensely by this view, he sighed deeply, and gave himself up for a night in the wet forest. The day was now fast declining, and he could not decide which way he should turn. At length he determined to remount, and cross this hill again to the right hand, as he could not cross the stream on his left, and take the first track he could find. He did so; but for a long time in vain. His horse continually turned southward, in which direction Charles believed lay Tallengetta, and on all such occasions, Club grew sprightly, and with a toss of his head began to run before. But Charles still resolutely turned his steed the other way, and at length he struck a track going off to the north. He thought he recognized some of the trees by the way-side. This must be the track after all! and away he cantered once more. But it went on, and on, and on. He must have ridden five miles, and no house, no Moolap! Night came, and once more the tempest came with it, growling and roaring up. Presently it was pitch dark around him; not from absolute night, but from the black enveloping clouds of the storm. It was impossible to see his way; he left it to his horse, and his horse reluctantly went forward. All at once the forest was lit up by a tremendous blaze. There was a crash as if the welkin above his head was rent in sunder; a thundering, stunning explosion—and a large tree in an open space before him was at once dashed into a thousand pieces by a vivid blue shaft of lightning. The next moment all was still, and dark as a tomb. His horse had wheeled round at the flash and terrible concussion, and dashed away hap-hazard through the woods. Perhaps it was a happy circumstance for him, for the splinters of the shivered tree flew on all sides with the fury of an exploded shell. He was nearly swept from the saddle by a depending bough before he could stop the frightened mare, when he once more stood still and gave himself up for the night. But what a night! The rain after the discharge of the electric fluid came drenching down in torrents. It was not rain; it was a deluge, one heavy, solid, drowning, deafening descent of water. Shelter under the thinly-foliaged gum-trees, there was none; way there was none; for all was Egyptian darkness, and roaring, dashing, inundating water. The horse drooped its head to its knees and seemed to give itself up to its miserable lot. The dog cowered under its stomach, and whined pitifully. Never was there a more wretched situation.

"What would they think if they could know at home?" thought Charles to himself. "But they think me snug at Moolap. Heigho! I wish I were!"

But, at once, the clouds broke; the wind swelled again, but blew more temperately; and, what is that? A light! Yes; he caught the steady gleam of a light. Be what it might, a station, or a mere night camp in the forest, there were human beings there, and the means of learning where he was. He rode on towards it. His horse evidently saw it, and increased her speed. As he drew nearer he perceived that it was no open air fire, but the light from a window, steady, and unmoved by the wind. "Hurrah!" thought he, "Moolap after all! I thought I could not be so far off!" He cantered joyfully onwards. Yes! the same old slab huts; he gave a loud shout, and a crack of his whip, and at the same instant was at the door of the hut whence the light came, and a man stepped out of it.

"Take my horse, mate," said Charles, "for I am nearly perished," and leaping down, he was entering the hut.

"The other way, master," said the man, "round the corner."

Charles thought he was still bewildered. He neither recognized the man's voice, nor the place, but he went round the corner; saw the chief building, also of wood, and the light streaming from its two windows.

"How is this?" he said, "it is odd; I don't seem to know the place; my head must be turned." He entered, and stood amazed. Round a noble, blazing fire of logs sat a gentleman, two ladies and two boys; but they were not the Metcalfes, they were—utter strangers! At the sight of him they all rose up to receive him. The gentleman was a stoutish man of apparently fifty. He was dressed in a drab coat and trowsers, and a figured silk waistcoat with turquoise buttons. His hair was quite dark, with no tinge of gray; his face marked by strong features, and a look of clearness and decision.

"Come in, sir! come in! What a night for you. Why you must be literally drowned. Let me pull away your outer garments."

"But first," said Charles in confusion, "pray tell me where I am. I thought I was at Moolap?"

"At Moolap! That is a dozen miles up the river! But no wonder you missed your way in such a storm. Give me hold of your water-proof."

Charles stripped off his oilskin and his dripping hat, and stood there a handsome and gentlemanly youth, but still with a puzzled look. Freed from his wet garments, and a seat placed for him at the fire, he saw that the ladies were mother and daughter; the mother, a very kind-looking woman, and the daughter a very fine, handsome girl. The two boys of apparently twelve and fourteen, stood and looked at their guest in silence.

"But where am I?" asked Charles, "if I may inquire?"

"Why," said the gentleman, "you are at Bongubine, at Mr. Peter Martin's, and very welcome there, too. Sara, my dear, get tea, and let us have some good steaks. I have no doubt this young gentleman will be ready for them after his ride."

But as he spoke, Charles started up. The strangest astonishment was in his face. He colored scarlet; looked at one and then at the other. Mr. Peter Martin! Mr. Peter Martin in this country! Mr. Peter Martin! the man of all others that his father detested; the man whom Charles had been brought up from his birth to regard as the greatest and most persevering enemy of his family. The man whom to leave behind was the one reconciling idea of his father in quitting England for this far-off country! And be here! Come like a ghost to haunt their steps; to trouble their repose; to destroy the whole charm of this southland life!

"Excuse me," said Charles, stammering, and hardly knowing what he did. "Excuse me, I cannot stay. I—I beg pardon, I could not have imagined it possible;" he turned to seize his wet water proof clothes. They were gone.

"What's amiss?" asked Mr. Peter Martin! "What ails you, young man? You cannot go out. There is no must indeed; you are perfectly welcome."

"No, no!" said Charles. "Good God! how unfortunate! I must go at once! at once!"

"Good gracious!" said the gentleman, "why you have lost your wits in the storm. Go out to-night! not for worlds. It is madness!"

"No matter! oh, heavens above me! Give me my coat. I *must* go."

"But why, man? but why?" exclaimed the squatter vehemently, and as if at once astonished and insulted.

"Why?" said Charles. "Oh, Lord! why? Because you are Mr. Peter Martin, and I am Charles Fitzpatrick."

"So-o!" said the squatter, stepping back in astonishment, and gazing fixedly at Charles. "So-o, that is it?"

Charles saw the ladies at once rise, color excessively, and tremble with agitation as they gazed at him. They looked confounded with surprise.

"Charles Fitzpatrick!" exclaimed Mr. Martin, "that is extraordinary! I can understand your feelings; but a word! You look on me as the enemy of your house. I am its firmest friend. I always have been; I always will be; and that, one day—and not a distant one now, both you and your father will acknowledge. And now, mark! I am a positive man; your father knows that, and you must now know it. You will sit down quietly to night. If you were my enemy, or I yours, I would set open the door and say—'go and perish!' But as your friend, I say stay here till morning; I admit of no contradiction. Charles Fitzpatrick, look on these two ladies. Do they look like enemies, like bad people? They are your truest, kindest friends, and whatever I may look like, I am the same. You stay?"

Charles looked at the ladies. They were both greatly agitated, but two more amiable looking women no eye could fall upon.

"God forbid!" said Charles, "that I should think so."

"Then shake hands like a sensible lad."

Charles took the proffered hands, and shook them cordially.

"There! there?" said Mr. Peter Martin, "now for tea, Sara. We shall know one another by morning."

Charles sat down, but silent, agitated by the strangest feelings. To have thus stumbled into the dwelling of a man whom he had always heard named as the steady enemy of his father. To find him here, when he believed him in England. Not a word of his arrival in the colony to have reached them. And why here? For what object thus planted down near them? The strange revelation made by Doctor Woolstan, as coming from the invisible world, flashed across his mind. The oracular words:—"The old enemy is still at work. His spies have followed you. Be on your guard," came with a cold shudder into his memory. Spies have followed! Can these be they? Thus silent—thus unheard of! Thus in the person regarded by his father as no less hostile than Sir Patrick himself! It was a most ominous fact.

The most painful and bewildering feelings agitated his whole mind, and yet, when he looked around him, what more open and kindly aspects could he behold. There appeared nothing sinister, nothing to create a suspicion, or a distrustful feeling. Could these be wicked or hostile people? Never did he see persons who had a more attractive, trustworthy exterior. The very place seemed to have a kindly, genuine, domestic spirit about it. True, Mr. Peter Martin had a short, quick, confident manner; a prompt, decided style of speech; but could he be a bad man? He did not look like it! How could it be? And thence came the additional assurance of Doctor Woolstan's invisible communicant. "But there are staunch, true friends in the world. Trust in God, and all will go well." True, staunch friends! That was what Mr. Martin professed himself and family to be. And might they not be so? He looked at them again, and resolved to believe it. He would trust in God, and believe that all would go well.

Whilst Charles was running over these thoughts in his mind, the squatter had gone out, and the daughter now returned followed by a servant with the tea tray. Mrs. Martin asked Charles if he had been intending to reach Moolap, and on his replying in the affirmative, he was astonished to perceive that she was perfectly acquainted with the Metcalfes and the Woolstans, too. Here was fresh cause for wonder—why had they never once mentioned the Martins? But with this came the thought—Would Doctor Woolstan associate with the very spies he had given warning of? Would it not rather be with the true friends? Would not Doctor Woolstan, with his vivid spiritual sympathy, very soon *feel* the presence of a false and disguised character? The young man's mind vibrated sensitively between these opposing ideas, but it turned constantly towards the consolatory side.

During tea, Mr. Martin, in the most friendly manner, asked Charles the particulars of his ride through the bush. He quickly cleared up the mystery of his deviations from the proper track; told him he had had a lucky escape; that he had been going off gradually north eastward, and would have come into the immense plain leading to the Murray, and might have ridden for days without seeing a soul. He appeared to take such an honest, undisguised pleasure in Charles's escape, yet without any fussiness, or overdone *empressement*, that Charles was still more amazed. He cleared up the mystery of the creek to the left, which, he said, was a sluggish, boggy stream that fell into the river. He offered in the morning to put him into the way to Moolap, but Charles said "He was bound for Mr. Farbrother's, beyond the Campaspe in reality, and perhaps might," he added, "be able to proceed thither from this place."

"Oh, my dear fellow," said Mr. Peter Martin, "why you are all right. You are in the very way here. I will see you over the river to-morrow, if it can be crossed, which is doubtful, however, after these heavy rains."

Charles was still more in wonder at the ready, friendly spirit of the man, at this prompt offer of assistance. He could not reconcile it with all that he had been all his life accustomed to hear of the man's enmity, and yet—his father, he recollected, had always angrily denounced his busy offers of advice, his poking his nose, as he called it, into other peoples' affairs. Again Charles looked at him, and then at the ladies, and he was more mystified than ever. All was so kind, so open and affectionate amongst themselves. Could wickedness and malice put on such a truthful, homelike, beautiful aspect? It was totally beyond his comprehension.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE RIDE ACROSS THE RIVER.

During the evening Charles Fitzpatrick had leisure, notwithstanding the excited state of his mind, to notice some of the circumstances about him. He perceived that the room in which they were, was as humbly furnished as it was built. The wooden slabs of the walls which in such stations are most commonly bare, were here clothed with a remarkable paper, consisting of nothing less than a collection of the *Illustrated*

London News, varied by a considerable sprinkling of *Punches*. These had been disposed so as to display to the eye the largest possible amount of pictures, so that the squatter's sitting room was at once a library and a picture gallery. There was a most amazing assemblage of scenes, some serious, some comic, always before the eye of the spectator, and no one need suffer ennui there, for even if left alone, he had only to approach the walls, and look into almost every country of the known world, as well as into the interior of the society of the most celebrated cities. There at the antipodes he could traverse his own country, and laugh with his countrymen at public and private follies; having all the time innumerable columns of letter-press at his command, to enlighten and amuse his mind.

Had he turned his attention to the floor he would have seen its stout planks covered with a mat composed of sugar bags, which had been slit open, and well scoured in the river. The fire-place, as universal in the bush, being constructed for the burning of wood, and not for being burnt itself, for it was of wood too, like all the rest of the house, was at least four feet square, and lined for the same height with slabs of granite. On the hearth, instead of a dog for the burning logs to rest upon, lay the great bush or box of a dray wheel, and opposite to it, a considerable oblong stone, and across these supports lay the fire. There was a plain table, a wooden couch, with a mattress upon it, by way of sofa, and a very few rude chairs. That was the furniture of the room, very much on a par with the state of other wealthy squatters, and quite magnificent compared with the abodes of many. Mr. Peter Martin and his family were accustomed in England to the comforts and elegancies of a great estate, yet appeared to have settled down here with all the composure of the most regular squatters in the rude simplicity of bush life. What could it mean? How had it come to pass?

When Charles was shown to his bed room, he was irresistibly impelled to renew his studies and observations there. This room opened by a very rude door from the sitting-room. It was small, and was papered in a much soberer style, that is, with *Chambers' Edinburgh Journals*, and these having fallen short, the deficiency was supplied by the leaves of copy-books, where pot-hooks and fish-hooks were leaning in all their school-boy degrees of obliquity, and were identified by the subscriptions of "Thomas Martin is my name; England is my nation;" and by a grand display of pugnacious *genius* on the part of the other brother:—

"This is Peter Martin's; let no one steal it,
Or he will get a blow, and no doctor to heal it."

"Pretty well, that," said Charles, as he read it. "Chip of the old block, I reckon."

There was a small bed at the end of the room, covered with a handsome, dark, opossum rug; the bedside carpet was composed of about four yellow, wild dog skins. The dressing-table was an article in two parts—that is, it consisted of two large boxes, set one upon the other. The only seat, was a kind of ottoman, which on examination, proved to be a tea-chest, but softened by a cushion, and disguised by a valence. On the dressing-table, or dressing-boxes, stood a small looking-glass, and two or three books; a small Bible, a prayer-book, and a selection of poetry. But what revealed to Charles that he had been installed in Miss Martin's own sanctum, were a handsome new lady's saddle, bridle and whip, which hung on the wall, presenting an odd mixture of bed-room and harness-room, but thoroughly characteristic of bush life. Where Miss Martin had bestowed herself, remains unknown; but Charles felt that his sudden appearance had in some degree disturbed the domestic arrangement of the Bongubine station.

Charles turned into bed, but lay tossing for some time from one side to another, still disturbed by the strange discovery he had so strangely made, and wondering how he was to break the matter to his father. He pictured to himself his father's rage at learning that his most antagonistic aversion was here coolly and comfortably residing in his neighborhood; and he hardly dared ask himself how he would accost him for staying all night in this detested family. At length he dropped asleep, and was only awakened when it was broad day, by a sound of laughter, and struggling and romping, so close to him, that the riot appeared to be in the very room. It was, however, behind a slender partition wall of wood, with the usual airy interstices, and the *dramatis personæ* consisted of the identical Peter and Thomas, whom he had seen over night, and whose pot-hooks and fish-hooks helped to paper his own chamber.

The sounds that did not *catch* his ear, but which came plunging, rushing, and jumping upon it, were something like these: "Ye, hoe, hoe, ho! I say, Peet! Peet! Oh! dash your wig, Peet! Peet! I say, oh! oh! you are squeezing all the breath out of me!" Slap! bang! a tremendous cuffing and dusting of each other with pillows and bolsters. "Oh! oh! ha! ha! ha! Bravo, Tom! bravo! ye, hoe, hoe, ye hoe, he! he! he!" A regular continuous half suffocated giggle, ending in a downright screech. Then, slap! bang! cuff! dust! dash! drizzle. Aha! oho! there! there! Tom! Tom! I say, ha! ha! oho! oho! ho-o-o, he, he, he, hoe!" ending in another downright screech.

Then "Peet! I say Peet, hush! hush! don't you remember that young Fitzpatrick is sleeping in Sara's room! We shall wake him, if we don't mind."

"Whew!" a long, significant whistle from Peet. "By jingo, Tom! I never thought of that. Whist! we didn't make much noise, did we? But I say, what an odd thing that he should just stumble in here, eh? How deuced queer! And wasn't he in a pretty taking. My eye! he was in a fluster! And didn't the governor stare a bit when he said who he was. Bravo! it's regular fun. I'd give a farthing to see old Fitzpatrick, when he tells him where he's been."

"Ay, indeed, there'll be the dibble-dibble, as the black fellows say, to pay. I wouldn't be in the youngster's shoes for a tride."

"But I say, Tom, he is not bad looking."

"Bad-looking, Peet, no, why should he? They're a very handsome family, the Fitzpatricks, as you may judge by their cousins, that is, ourselves, Peety, my boy."

"Oh, nonsense! I don't mean bad that way, but wild and wicked. You know very well what I mean."

"Oh, yes! It is a pity old Fitzpatrick should have been always so wild, and so spent all his property. But that's what the governor here always told him would come of it, and that's why he hates father so."

"The more fool he. Well, he's suffered for it, so don't let us blame him; the governor doesn't. He only says he's very sorry, but that it will all come right yet, and the old baronet will get all his property back, and that rascally Sir Patrick may go to—I won't say where, though the governor slaps it out so flatly."

"Well, I'm glad all will come right, Peet; and father knows, so its sure; he says as sure as he lives, as sure as we're in Australia, and that he's here to bring it about. My word! I wish we were old enough to be let into the secret. Why the governor should take all this trouble, and why old Fitzpatrick should still go on hating him, as he does, is a rum go, that's all I can say."

A sudden rap at an opposite side of the boy's room, and the sharp, quick voice of Mr. Peter Martin calling out to them:

"What are you monkeys gabbling at there? Dress and come away!" broke off this interesting conversation.

There was a sudden silence, a quick drawing on of clothes, and the interlocutors were gone.

But what a world of strange sensations rushed over the mind of the listener. So, this was the view taken by the family hostility here! This was a very different version and view of the affair. Mr. Peter Martin not the enemy, but the fast friend of the Fitzpatricks! Not disliked by his father for any impertinencies, or unkind actions, but for a faithful and wise counselling.—His father ruined by a constant opposition to the advice of Mr. Peter Martin, and, more wonderful still! all the losses of his property were yet to be done away with. His restoration to title and estate were certain! And Mr. Peter Martin was not only the confident prophet, but the agent, the active, friendly agent in it! This was marvellous! How all his father's property could have been wrested from him by Sir Patrick, and why no evidence could be procured from any quarter to stem the ruinous course of trial after trial, and yet Mr. Peter Martin, who then lay still as a mouse, should now be here, and professedly acting for a certain restoration of everything! These were problems within problems, which, so far from Charles's brain being able to solve them, only threw it into greater confusion. He sat down on the bed, and sank into a series of thoughts so deep that they deprived his frame of all motion, and almost of breath. Thus he sat long, and at length started up, and said to himself:

"It must be true! There must be something in it! But what? My father shall have his own again? What can it is mean? What can this man know? Yet it is evident that he knows something, and it is good. He says he is our fast friend, and that we, too, shall know it *ere* long. That he, a man of splendid fortune, should come out thus to the end of the earth, and live in the rude style of this young colony. That can be for no trivial object. That object cannot be bad. The family don't look like bad people, revengeful people; far from it. Then it is good.—His boys say it is—ay, that is confirmation tenfold strong! That is plainly the daily, established, familiar talk of the house. That was not meant for me. That was the spontaneous language of children who listen and hoard up the household topics of their parents. God be praised! I have not come in vain! I believe it all. I feel that it is true! I thought I could not be mistaken in my impressions of these people. I shall give them my confidence. True, my father has been expensive, and fond of that fatal turf. He is strong willed, and bears strong resentment. A firm, plain spoken opposition on the part of his relative, who appears a frank sort of man, would very likely excite a vehement dislike to him in my father. Yes, it must be so—I feel it."

"Breakfast, my young friend, if you are ready for it," said the quick voice of Mr. Peter Martin, with an accompanying rap on the door.

"Thank you, quite ready," replied Charles, and *pausing* a moment to compose himself, he opened the door and stepped out.

There stood the breakfast-table near the front *window, plentifully spread*, and Mr. Martin and the two ladies advanced to bid him good-morning. Charles took their offered hands with a cordiality which evidently highly gratified them. An expression of great pleasure appeared on their countenances. The cheeks of the ladies flushed with a warm bloom, their eyes brightened, and they said they hoped he had slept well, and was no worse for his exposure to the rain.

Mr. Peter Martin rubbed his hands, seated himself at the table, and began to deal about the steaks and cutlets, accompanied by a variety of chatty talk. Club came bounding into the room with the two boys, who declared that he was a most wonderful dog—that he had run over so high up a slanting tree, and dragged out a wild cat; and had been down at the bottom of the river, and fetched up a particular stone which they had thrown in. Mr. Martin told Charles that his mare seemed all right, and had been well fed, and asked if he was still bent on his attempt to cross the river.

"Certainly," said Charles, "if possible."

"Then," said the squatter, "Tom, tell Jerridot to saddle me Blue Beard; we will lose not an hour."

Charles begged that Mr. Martin would not think of incommoding himself by accompanying him. If he would send a man, or one of his boys to show him the way to the ford, that was all that he desired. He entreated that he would do no more.

"Now, cousin Charles, if I may call you so," said Mr. Martin, "just say no more. You know that I have the reputation in your family of being a very pig-headed man. You'll find me so.—Words are all lost upon me. I am going."

This Mr. Martin accompanied by laying his hand on Charles's wrist firmly. Breakfast was soon over, amongst very kind and agreeable talk. Charles felt every moment more and more the wonder that this family and his should ever have been enemies. He looked at Mrs. Martin:—never did he see a matronly lady more motherly and agreeable; at Miss Martin,—never did he see a young woman at once so handsome, so sensible-looking, and so agreeable, as she took part in the conversation, and joked with her brothers. She had a fine figure, vigorously, yet not heavily, built, above the middle height, and a face in which a very beautiful and high-toned likeness to her father was visible.—Charles felt as though he had been at home amongst these relatives for a long time, and thought how proud he should be to see the division of the families swept away, and Georgina and Sara loving each other as sisters.

The horses were at the door. They mounted, and, amid cordial adieus, rode off. Mr. Martin was mounted on a powerful bay horse, and the two boys, on active ponies, accompanied them for some miles down the valley. On their return, Charles and Mr. Martin put their horses to their speed, and soon came down into the valley of the Campaspe. It was among bold, steep slopes covered with growths of large trees. Craggy precipices overhung the river, crowned also with noble trees, and the river itself wound along in a very circuitous course; here sweeping round a green forest promontory or bluff, and here encircled by high, hollow, solitary combs. It was a region of much majesty and silence. All at once came the roar of water, and a turn of a hill showed them the river dashing over a natural weir, and enclosed by high cliffs, making the river above the weir look like a long, narrow lake, in which hundreds of water-fowl were swimming and sporting. Charles was transported at the scene, but Mr. Martin rode briskly on, and very soon the scene was totally changed. They came to where a water mill stood by the river-side, with fowls and vehicles about it, and on a mount containing several acres stood a good brick house in the midst of gardens and vineyards. Mr. Martin rode a little past this, and then paused upon a rising ground to observe the impression which the scene made upon his companion. That was one of wonder and delight. All below this beautiful mount on which the house stood so deliciously, with the lofty wooded hills presenting around it a variety of charming aspects, opened a valley of the most soft and Elysian beauty. The hills on either hand, and others which rose up from the bottom of the vale, were of the softest and most fairy-land forms. They were green as the emerald and soft as velvet. A double row of bold red gum trees marked the tortuous course of the river along the vale, and the autumnal sun shone with an impardising lustre over the whole, as if emulous of presenting this Eden of the wilderness in its most attractive loveliness.

"Why this is a heavenly spot," cried Charles. "Whose station is this?"

"It belongs to Niuno," replied Mr. Martin; "it is called Lahoi Mill, but more of this anon. At present, we must push forward." They rode still for some miles, when, turning towards the river, they found themselves in a forest track which appeared to lead directly to it.

In a gloomy and rough scene, in strange contrast to the gentle beauty above, where rude mounds of earth overgrown with long grass and jungle were again overgrown with large trees, they again caught sight of the river and of a solitary tent stuck down amongst the bushes, close to its approach. Mr. Martin appeared greatly surprised at the sight of this tent; checked his horse for a moment, and surveyed it in silence. Charles also looked closely at it, induced by the manner of his companion, but could perceive nothing but a scarlet jacket with gilt buttons hanging under a sort of a canopy in front of the tent, as if it had been wet through by the rains of the preceding evening: and a white horse, singularly spotted with red, grazing near. But he could see or hear no person whatever. But Mr. Martin rode on quickly but carefully, keeping his horse cautiously on the grass, and the moment they were passed, turning with a very meaning look, putting his fingers on his lips, as enjoining silence, and then riding rapidly forward. Charles, as he followed, could not help casting another backward glance, and was startled to perceive a huge figure, with a very hairy face, protruded between the trees on the bank of the river, in front of the tent, silently gazing after them. But he was obliged to bestow his immediate attention on his horse, as they were already riding in the water; yet he looked round once more;—there was nothing to be seen but a huge mass of bushes. Mr. Martin let him come alongside of him, and said:

"That tent and dress and horse belong to a man that I would not for the world see us riding together. I'll tell you why sometime, but now let us get off as fast as we can."

The river, however, now brought them to a stand, and what a scene!

It here spread itself over the wide flat of the valley to the breadth of two hundred yards. All around was bushy and shagged and wild. The wintry torrents had brought down whole mountains of gravel and great stones, mingled with trunks of trees, and trees with enormous heads. They had intercepted fresh accessions of gravel, huge stones, beams and carcasses of cattle. All amongst this chaos of debris rushed the head-long torrent, turbid and foaming and roaring, as it tore through these heaps of rugged obstructions. It was a wild and awe inspiring scene! About three parts across it showed a clearer channel, where the current was swift as an arrow and covered with foam.

Mr. Peter Martin stood with his horse nearly up to his shoulders in the flood, and said to Charles:

"This is our crossing place; what do you think of it?"

"This!" said Charles; "is it possible that we can do it? Yon current looks as though it would sweep everything away."

"Of that I think least of all," replied his companion; "but in the flood, amongst the gravel heaps, I dread the sunken logs and pieces of rock, which may throw down our horses, where they may get so entangled with boughs as never to be able to rise again, or only to be washed away with us altogether. But say the word!—if your business be urgent we will try it."

"It is urgent," said Charles, "but I will not risk your safety."

"If that be all," said Mr. Peter Martin, "here goes!" and he rode on boldly into the stream. Here he carefully held up his horse's head, encouraging him. Soon the stout horse lost footing and swam vigorously; then again he caught ground, and struggled and floundered forward over roughest bottom. They were soon far in, Charles following carefully in his leader's track. As they approached the main current, Mr. Martin reined in his horse on a shoal, and stood a moment to survey the scene. It was enough to appall the stoutest heart. Nothing could be more wild, nothing more formidable in appearance. All round them stretched one great wide deluge, looking gigantic and merciless in its might. The muddy, headlong waters rushed and roared along, working themselves against the huge heads of prostrate trees, which appeared above the flood, into masses of yellow and dingy foam a foot high. The waters of the main channel swept past in a heavy, careering torrent, which appeared capable of bearing everything to destruction.

"It won't do to look longer on this," said Mr. Martin; "we shall grow dizzy." He put on his horse, crying in the same instant—"Take heed," and at once, his horse stumbled over some trunk or rock beneath the water, and plunged headlong into the flood. Man and horse totally disappeared, and Charles's mare, startled at the sight, wheeled round and became restive. Horrified at what he had seen, Charles pulled round her head fiercely and dug the spurs into her sides. With a furious bound, she sprung forward, dashing the waters, like a fountain, high up all around him, and the next moment was also in the roaring, boiling gulf, battling with its billows with all her force. But her force! Against the immense weight of the furious stream, it was as the force of a midge on the forehead of a tornado. Charles found himself swept down the raving torrent with the wild velocity of a frightful dream, the water washing over his very saddle, while he strained his eyes in horror to discover his companion. He saw only the raging flood whirling and tearing over and through the half-submerged trees. It was an age of strange agony to his feelings, though but an instant of time, when, lo! the head of his companion's steed emerged, snorting powerfully, and driving the spray like a stream from its nostrils. The next instant the stooping but still resolutely erected form of the rider rose also from the flood, dripping with the deluge, and man and horse swept onward. The firm-hearted man had let go neither bridle, rein, nor whip. Giving himself a vigorous shake, and blowing the water from his mouth and nose, he looked round, and perceiving Charles laboring to direct his horse across the current, he cried, clear and strong, "Heigh! let her go!" Charles dropped the rein on the mare's neck, and both the horses and riders swept along with the mighty mass of waters.

Anon, Mr. Martin turned again, and pointing to a high shoal of gravel, backed by a gigantic tree, he directed his horse thitherward in an oblique course. Bravo! they approach it easily. The first horse strikes the bottom; another step and he stands firm, but with distended nostrils and labouring flank, demonstrating that a little more, and his immense strength would have been exhausted, and then adieu to both horse and rider! Charles felt his mare touch the shoal with a thrill of inexpressible joy, and the next moment, the two travellers sat side by side, their hands grasped almost convulsively, and gazing on each other in speechless eloquence. At length Mr. Peter Martin, with a strong effort, said:

"Thank God for this! It is worse than I imagined—a narrow escape indeed!"

"And that you should have risked your life for me," said Charles.

"Pooh! no matter. I did not mean to risk it, of course. It is an accident, or I should not have risked yours. My God! if you had been drowned, what would your father have said then! That I had drowned you on purpose. Oh, Lord above! But never mind, all is right," and with that he led the way over the gravel heap, and through a few pools of shallow water to dry land.

"But now," said Charles, "you will take your death in your wet clothes."

"No! away with us now—Farbrother's station is only some quarter of a mile off," and he dashed forward at full gallop.

Charles followed as fast, and in a very little time they were at the station, supplied with dry garments, and relating over a good dinner and a blazing fire the adventure of their passage of the river.

The travellers passed a pleasant evening at the station; the business which had brought them there was done at once. The document was signed and witnessed by old Peter Martin, a fact the effect of which on his father on first seeing it, Charles rather startled at on reflection, but which, after his experience of that gentleman's devoted daring at the river, he resolved to justify and defend if necessary.

The next day the river was considerably fallen, and the squatter conducted them to a ford higher up which was much easier to those who know it. In good time that afternoon they were once more safe at Bongubine. One more night Charles was compelled to pass there, and the following morning he left the house of Mr. Peter Martin, the reputed enemy of his family, with the warm and deeply-rooted conviction that he and his were among the most sterling and lovable people on the earth. But he was not suffered to proceed alone. Once more Mr. Martin mounted and set out with him. They rode on till they reached the height above Tallengetta, and the conversation had been such as had enchained the ear of the younger man to the voice of the elder one, as if there had been more than a human fascination in it. Mr. Martin went over the grounds of difference between himself and his father. He reminded Charles that he and Thomas Fitzpatrick, his father, were sisters' sons. That his own mother had died early, leaving him in charge of Mrs. Fitzpatrick, for his father had long been deceased. The sisters had been bound to each other with a most tender and devoted attachment. Mrs. Fitzpatrick had regarded him with an affection little short of that which she entertained for her own children. He and Thomas Fitzpatrick had been at school and college together. They had been the best friends till near manhood, when Mr. Fitzpatrick's fatal passion for the turf had displayed itself to the deep grief and alarm of his parents and relations. There they took diverse ways. For himself, he detested everything belonging to gambling, but the gambling of the course above all others. He recoiled in disgust from the society of that class. He took especial delight in the cultivation of his estate, and the enjoyment of his library. His Homer, his Plato, his Xenophon and his Cicero were his favorite companions. Mr. Fitzpatrick came very young into possession of his large property and title, and the result was well known. His mother sought sympathy in his, Mr. Martin's society, for he loved her as a mother. To him she confided her sorrow and fears, and to the day of her death she was firm and unshaken in her friendship for him. Here Mr. Martin showed Charles a brilliant diamond ring which he wore, the gift of Mrs. Fitzpatrick, which he declared should never cease to grace his hand while he lived. Meantime, he continued, the most hostile feelings had grown up towards him in Sir Thomas. Perhaps he himself had not been destitute of blame in evincing too much anger and indignation in his warnings and entreaties to Sir Thomas, both as commissioned by his mother and as proffered by himself. But before Mrs. Fitzpatrick died she foretold extraordinary ruin and misery to her son, and took a solemn pledge from him, her nephew, never to forsake him and to spare no pains or sacrifices finally to save him.

"And yet," Charles ventured to say, "when my father was attacked and borne down by the pretender, Sir Patrick, you never came forward with any tender of evidence or funds. That is what embitters my father especially, and which none of us can understand."

"There," continued Mr. Peter Martin, "appearances are clearly against me, and judged alone by appearances, I am quite aware that I must suffer, and have suffered no little both in the judgment of many and in the mortification of my own feelings. But under the circumstances this is perfectly inevitable. It is the price I pay for my devotion to your grandmother, and let me add for my hope and expectation of ultimately serving your father effectually. At that time I had no evidence, and funds would have been rejected by your father with scorn. Besides, I was pledged to his own mother, who with all her unquestionable affection, was one of the most firm and far-seeing women that ever lived, not to move in any way up to a certain crisis."

"And what may that crisis be?" asked Charles.

"The crisis of utter ruin—of utter loss of fortune, and the reaction of mind which it should produce. Your noble-hearted grandmother, while she mourned bitterly over her son, and went to the grave sorrowfully on his account, believed that nothing short of such a crisis would effectually root out the dominant, absorbing passion from his soul, and give free play to the exalted qualities which there withered in its shade."

"But the marriage certificate," said Charles, "can you say where that is? For without that I cannot see any ground for the hope of my father's restoration to his rights, which I believe you entertain."

"No! God knows where that can be! Yet sometimes I have my thoughts about that; but you forget, there is a chance besides that—a chance of the discovery of the chaplain who celebrated the marriage."

Charles sighed.

"A poor chance, indeed, I fear. Every effort to trace him has failed, and we are not very likely to discover him in these woods."

"I would not even say that," added Mr. Martin, "there is a strange gathering of the ends of the earth here."

Charles shook his head, and after a considerable pause, he said:

"And may I yet ask what induced you to come out here?"

"That is a point I wished to come to," said Mr. Peter Martin. "It was in obedience to the pledge which I gave to your grandmother. It was to secure your safety and return."

"Safety!" exclaimed Charles, and the mysterious message of the late strange evening flashed across him; yet in the hope of eliciting some fresh light, he went on. "I imagine we are safe enough here, at all events. Sir Patrick will not trouble himself to follow us hither."

"You are safe while I am here," said Mr. Martin, solemnly; "if I said you could not be so were I away, would you believe it?"

Charles again paused. The remembrance of the words there are spies, and there are true, stanch friends watching, came with startling force to his mind; with the remembrance of this strange man's putting his life in peril in the flood, came the thought, whoever and wherever the spies might be, the stanch, true friend was here, and he said,

"Certainly I would believe you, as I would believe my own senses."

"Then believe that I watch over you; and that the time comes on again which will show it, and will clear up everything. Till then—if there be opposition, if there be fresh anger and enmity, if your father command you to ignore or renounce me and mine, obey! Give way to the storm—let it blow itself free—it is not for you, but for me to brave it and to conquer."

He put out his hand, grasped that of the young man vigorously, wheeled round his horse, and dashed away through the woods.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 17, 1857.

All the Contents of the Post are Set up Expressly for it, and it alone. It is not a mere Reprint of a Daily Paper.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the Post are $2 a year, if paid in advance—$2.50 if not paid in advance. For $3, IN ADVANCE one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms to Clubs, to be sent in the city to one address, and in the country to one Post Office:

Four Copies,		$5.00 a year.
Eight "	(and one to the getter up of Club,)	10.00 "
Thirteen	(and one to the getter up of Club,)	15.00 "
Twenty	(and one to the getter up of Club,)	20.00 "

Persons residing in BRITISH NORTH AMERICA must remit TWENTY-FIVE CENTS in addition to the subscription price, as we have to prepay the United States postage.

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club end at the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

R. I. Another "large estate in England." Think the best plan would be to write to the other L's. Know not what else to advise in the circumstances. Generally, in prosecuting these claims, there is a certain prospect of spending considerable money, and a very uncertain prospect of ever getting it back again.

M. E. C. We hardly know how to advise you on such a delicate and difficult subject. It would do no harm to write to the person you mention, narrating and explaining the circumstances of your conduct on the occasion you speak of, and apologising for any pain you may possibly have caused. The reason for your writing to the person, you might state to be the uneasiness which you have long felt at being possibly open to the suspicion of falsehood on account of an answer given inadvertently, and only not instantly corrected because of embarrassment. Nothing ought to be said of any feeling you may have for that person. By pursuing this course, you will open a correspondence. The first letter you receive will enable you to judge what relation the person occupies to you, and whether you can with propriety continue the correspondence, or cultivate the acquaintance.

The following articles are respectfully declined: "To ——." "To Mary." "The New Year;" "Whisperings;" "Buds and Blossoms—The Death of the Little One."

PROSPECTUS.

For the information of strangers who may chance to see this number of the POST, we may state that arrangements have been made with the following distinguished writers for contributions during the present year (1857):—

WILLIAM HOWITT, (OF ENGLAND,) ALICE CARY, T. S. ARTHUR, GRACE GREENWOOD, MRS. E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH, AUGUSTINE DUGANNE, MRS. M. A. DENISON, The Author of "AN EXTRA-JUDICIAL STATEMENT," The Author of "ZILLAH, THE CHILD MEDIUM," &c., &c.

After the completion of Mr. Howitt's Novelet,

Tallengetta; or, the Squatter's Home,

the following Novelets will be given, though probably not in the exact order here mentioned:—

THE STORY OF A COUNTRY GIRL.

By ALICE CARY. An Original Novelet, written expressly for the Post.

THE WITHERED HEART.

An Original Novelet, written expressly for the Post, by T. S. ARTHUR.

LIGHTHOUSE ISLAND.

An Original Novelet, by the Author of "My Confession," "Zillah; The Child Medium," &c.

FOUR IN HAND; OR THE BEQUEST.

Written for the Post, by GRACE GREENWOOD.

THE QUAKER'S PROTEGE,

An Original Novelet, written for the Post by Mrs. MARY A. DENISON, Author of "Mark, the Sexton," "Home Pictures," &c.

THE RAID OF BURGUNDY.

A TALE OF THE SWISS CANTONS.

By AUGUSTINE DUGANNE, Author of "The Last of the Wildernesse," &c., &c.

We have also the promise of a SHORT AND CONDENSED

NOVELET BY MRS. SOUTHWORTH,

to run through about six or eight numbers of the Post.

In addition to the above list of contributions, we design continuing the usual amount of FOREIGN LETTERS, ORIGINAL SKETCHES, CHOICE SELECTIONS from all sources, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, GENERAL NEWS, HUMOROUS ANECDOTES, ENGRAVINGS, View of the PRODUCE AND STOCK MARKETS, THE PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKET, BANK NOTE LIST, &c. For terms, see the head of this column.

EDITORIAL.—The editorial is again crowded to the third page this week.

☞ See advertisement in another column of "Rare Inducements to Agents."

MR. HOWITT'S NOVELET.

"Tallengetta," which has been interesting so far, principally on account of its vivid pictorings of the strange peculiarities of Australian scenery and life, becomes this week highly interesting also as a story. Western readers, we should think, would be particularly interested in noting the resemblances, as well as differences, between pioneer life in our own wild prairies and forests, and in the Australian "Bush." The first effect of the discovery of gold upon the agricultural and grazing interests of Australia, is no doubt depicted very accurately by Mr. Howitt.

To persons desirous of reading this instructive as well as entertaining novelet, we may mention that we can at present supply back papers to the first of January—but how long we shall be able to do so, we are unable to say. We expect to conclude "Tallengetta" in four or five more numbers.

PROGRESS.

We are indebted to our friends, this week, for an *increase, over and above our old lists*, of 16 at Sharon, VERMONT; of 11 at Port Jackson, 11 at Farmer, and 19 at Clifton Springs, NEW YORK of 9 at Allaquippa, 25 at Edinboro, 17 at Erwinna 14 at Brownsville, and 9 at Mercer, PENNSYLVANIA; of 10 at Clinton, VIRGINIA; of 28 at Kossuth, IOWA; of 17 at Victoria, MISSOURI; of 1 at Chili, Illinois; of 18 at Delaware, 10 at Shrews 16 at Whigville, and 21 at West Milton, OHIO and of 26 at Chatfield, MINNESOTA.

Also for *entirely* new lists of 9 at Florence, a 23 at Orwell, CANADA WEST; 23 at Sammonsvil 10 at Moscow, 21 at Waterford, 9 at Cardiff Byron, 24 at Gorham, 21 at Oswego, 18 at Covington, and 9 at Caton, NEW YORK; 25 Pineville, 15 at Buck Horn, 13 at Sinking Fall and 32 at Landisville, PENNSYLVANIA; 12 Marysville, TENNESSEE; 24 at Milan, and 2 Covington, INDIANA; 18 at Chillicothe, 9 at Milo, and 9 at South Point, MISSOURI; Wathena, KANSAS; 21 at Chariton, an Marysville, IOWA; 11 at Mantorville, MIN 10 at Stoughton, WISCONSIN; 18 at Lebanon 21 at Fish Lake, INDIANA; 9 at Rome, Sioux City, IOWA; 21 at Berlin, MICHIG at New Hope, and 26 at Jamesto 21 at Leoni, and 9 at Francisco Mi 10 at Mount Washington, 15 at Par Leesburg, 9 at Vernon, 9 at Hunting Defiance, 9 at Trenton, 9 at Portsmouth, Steuben, 21 at Washington C. H and Kirkersville, OHIO.

A large number of smaller increases, and smaller lists at new places, are omitted, thou not unnoticed.

Master P. E. Miller, of Galena, Ill., s the names of 25 subscribers, procured self. He says:—"This is the third taken the Post on my own respo Something of an example here to the bo girls generally. By getting up a list of 1 at a dollar apiece, they would have a gratis for themselves. We wonder that dreds of them do not try it. Perhaps the try, now that Master Miller has shown that things can be done as well as oth

A correspondent at Freedom, Old Co writes us that, while they were engaged ting up their club for the Post some a tines—our term, not his—began to thr disparaging remarks about the paper; upon they, like true Western men, "reso give the ball another roll, and added to names to their list." So the Philistines take much by their motion. We will onl them forgiveness on condition of thei the Post themselves. They need it, to enlighten their ignorance.

In conclusion, in view of the above evidence we may "report progress," and ask leave to again.

COAL AND GOLD.

The gold product of California is about L millions a year; the coal product of Penns vania is nearly forty millions. Is not Penns vania more blessed in her coal than California her gold? We think so. We would not to our mines of coal into gold, if we could d with a turn of the hand. A late account says more people have left California this year have gone there. From all accounts the P slope has a delightful climate—one of the delightful in the world—but then the dist People rush into Illinois, and Iowa, and M gan, and Kansas, and Wisconsin, and Minn and all adjacent regions, because by mea the railroads and rivers, the produce of lands is but a few days travel from the Ea markets—but California and Oregon and W ington must wait until great markets begin ally to form on their own side of the conti A Pacific railroad would be a blessi them and us for many reasons—but the transportation for farm produce would pr be too great, to allow of its entering into c petition with that of the Mississippi reg therefore, even if the railroad were built, could not derive any advantages from it in respect. Only indirectly would it aid the mers, in a pecuniary sense, by greatly pro the growth probably of their home markets the trade of Asia could be directed to California and this continent, San Fran would become one of the great cities of world. And if railroads can successfully pete with water carriage even in the tion of such articles as grain and co see why a Pacific Railroad should fully compete for the carriage of drugs, teas, silks, &c., of Asia; a proportion of them which is const America.

CORRUPTION IN CONGRESS

Considerable excitement has been ca among the members of Congress by the rec tion of Mr. Kelsey, and the charge that Mr. Payne of North Carolina, a member from New York, is said dual alluded to by Mr. Pay bribe of $1,500 for his vot Both Messrs. Payne and Americans, and support late canvass. It is only state, that he alleges that conceived his remarks, an of public opinion until all ed by the Committee of that if corruption has b tempted, many influ cated, who will use all th to defeat or delay an inves ter of the House of Re the best interests of the searching inquiry into made, without reg standing of the guilty. tended that Corruption Washington—for it no this belief is founded on

BOARD OF HEALTH ring the past week 97, and children 167.

OUR RELATIONS TO EVIL-DOERS.

It would be hardly worth while at this late day to recur to the recent trial of Huntingdon, the forger, at New York, if the character of the defence adopted on that occasion did not involve considerations pointing to the difficulties and dangers which have ensued, and are always likely to ensue, from the defective philosophy of crimes and punishments which underlies our statutory law. It will be remembered that Huntingdon was charged with forgery, and the evidence on the trial developed the fact that he had been engaged in fraudulent transactions covering hundreds of thousands of dollars, for a number of years previous to his arrest. These transactions were invariably successful. He had lived on other people's money, thus purloined, for many years, and he had lived in the most sumptuous, extravagant and dissolute manner. The part he played was not that of the mere trite millionaire or parvenu of the Fifth Avenue; it was Croesus—it was an East Indian Naboh, lavish and luxurious beyond the cold conceptions of our latitudes. He gave free rein to every lust and appetite; he indulged every propensity and whim. He ate his costly food off silver dishes, with golden forks and spoons; he drank the choicest wines; smoked largely of the choicest cigars; clad himself, to the great gain of tailors, in raiment corresponding to the purple and fine linen of one of his prototypes—the well-known —— Dives, Esq., of Judea, (well-known as having been also highly "respectable" and "good on change" in his time and clime.) He was in the habit of giving the most sumptuous banquets. He had a band of music in his house to aid digestion with melody, while he ate his meals. He crammed dwelling with the greatest profusion of expensive furniture—some of his vases costing even hundred dollars each. He had the largest dog and the smallest dog in town—the first weighing one hundred and fifty, the second two, pounds. He had two coachmen, two grooms, and eight or ten servants. He had seven or eight horses, single and in spans, of rare breeds. He had carriages of different styles, cushioned and rivet and decorated with silver, in which he went to course the staring streets. He had two houses, both magnificently furnished and equipped, in one of which he kept a wife, and in the other a mistress. In brief, he lived on an expensive scale, just as hundreds of other men around him were living on a smaller scale, the difference between him and them being not of kind, but of degree. Some of these creatures knew well what kind of schemes he was constantly engaged in—had known it for years, and were not the less hand and glove, and hail fellow well met with him. At last, however, his "operation" proved unlucky; the dashing villain was arrested, and put on trial for the crime which he had been so often guilty. The result of that trial is known. He is now in Sing Sing for nearly five years.

In looking over the legal incidents of his case—those which the law is not empowered to notice or punish—one sees features by no means rare, yet by no means usual. It is simply a type of the traditional spendthrift that looks upon the flesh of wastefulness and extravagance. His lawyers, however, professed to consider it the case of a madman. The plea urged in his defence was that of moral insanity, and the ingenious facts regarding his manner of living were brought forward as evidence in support of this. Other facts of a more criminal nature, medically speaking, were also elicited to the same end. Thus it was shown that he had presented forged notes to the amount of twenty millions of dollars; and the very enormity of the contemplated villany was argued to be evidence of a diseased mind. Medical men appeared to testify that the oddities, extravagancies, and audacities of his career were so many evidences of his insanity. We do not for us dogmatically to decide whether he was insane or not. We think he was not—but we don't know;—perhaps he was. If so, there has been a great deal of insanity which wore the denoting signs, yet escaped the name. If enormous swindling, partly practicable, partly not—if profuse luxuriousness, wanton wastefulness, whimsical indulgence, or riotous excess mean insanity, then the number of the insane is augmented far beyond our previous estimates. We speak without badinage. It may be for aught we know, or, with the unilluminated human reason, ever shall know, that all sin is insanity. Why men with the common love of right and good should be so prone to wrong and evil, must forever be an unexplainable anomaly to the acutest psychologist or metaphysician. Reason cannot solve the difficult problem, and men need to be inspired before they can fuse their creeds on a common understanding of the solution offered by revelation. But whether sin is insanity or not, ought not to be a question before any court of law. Without going very deeply into the matter, it is sufficient to say in relation to the class of cases of which Huntingdon's is an example, that if it should ever be established that certain extraordinary aspects of crime constitute it not crime but madness, the clever rogue, entering upon some extensive career of rascality, will simulate those very aspects—will add to the methodical villainy, the villainy which is immethodical—and, in case of detection, will defeat the ends of justice by exhibiting the latter as evidence of his irresponsibility for the former.

Huntingdon was convicted. The verdict of the jury took the community somewhat by surprise. Many expected that the plea of insanity would be successful. Many felt when the verdict rendered, that it was by luck and in other words the lack of the necessary dexterity of the part of his lawyers, that he was deterred of imprisonment. Some of each other, that if he had had Belial for his brilliant legal sophist, so famous for its magnetic effect on juries, and his startling and ingenious theories of somnambulism, monomania, and demoniac possession, devised for the benefit of criminals—if he had had him, he would not have fail." It may be that he would. We fear that the conviction or acquittal of any person in these times is not decided so much by the merits of the case, as by the ingenuity of the counsel or the masterly ability of the latter can, if he so chooses, persuade into believing as he believes himself to believe. In a matter to be decided by the jury's judgment, the stronger the advocate, whether candid or disingenuous, will warp the color the case.

Now what are we to do? A great number of criminal cases constantly before the Courts, and if we begin to measure out judgments on men in proportion to the degree of their criminality—if we attempt to discriminate between the different shades of guilt, to pry into motives, to ascertain what were the intentions, and so decide upon not only its aspect, but by the consequences constantly liable to be injustice, resulting from human judgments. On the other hand, to contend against our own fallible ignorant, however wise, our intellectual power to fathom the mysteries of nature and life: God alone knows with absolute certainty, the springs of human action. On the other hand, we have to contend against the powerful influence of venal eloquence, subtlety, sophistry, and all the arts and wiles which able lawyers employ to lead or mislead our minds. It behooves us, then, to make the questions which we are called upon to decide, as simple as possible. We must deal only with the facts. Facts are our province. When we attempt to deal with truths, we are liable to error. Truths are the province of God. We need to know the simple facts of a case, and to render in our verdict on the facts. The judgment of the law also, needs to be strictly shaped by the facts.

Let us see. Here is a man, known to have committed what the collective mind of society thinks a crime, arraigned before a tribunal for judgment. He has done murder. The *evil* of his deed is that he has murdered. The *wrong* of his deed is to be determined by his motive. The *evil* of his deed is done to society. The *wrong* of his deed is done to God. Society has the power, as it has the right, to determine what extent of injury it has received from the act of this man, and to deal with him accordingly, because society has the mental capacity to decide what acts are prejudicial to the safety, moral conduct, or well-being of its members. God alone, who knows the motive and the heart, can decide how great or how small is the criminality of the act, whose actor is therefore responsible for his sin only to Him. Before the deep-seeing, all-seeing eye of the Creator, the culprit may be less guilty at heart, than the judge that tries him. The murderous *spirit* constitutes the guilt of the murderer; the murderous *act* merely its mischief. It is for God who alone knows how much guilt went to the commission of the deed, to decide upon the guiltiness. It is for society, knowing what mischief the deed has done, to decide what course shall be taken with the doer to prevent his doing mischief again. The retribution due to his crime we should leave to the justice and wisdom of God; the retribution due to his evil we to whom that evil has been done, have a right to measure out to him ourselves. The philosophy of our law in this respect should be, to deal with all offences simply as evils—solely in their relation to our well-being as members of society;—making the remedy of each proportional to its harmfulness. Applying this principle to the case of Huntingdon, for instance, we should not need to split hairs, and weigh, and ponder for weeks to discover whether the motives or the mental state in which he committed the illegal act of forgery, offered any palliation or excuse for the act, and, after all, run the risk of deciding wrongly. Our course would simply be:—Forgery is an injury to society—did this man forge? If the facts showed that he did, we would assert that he did; and, being all the while of the opinion that forgery is also to the best of our erring judgment, a sin, if committed with sinful motives, but leaving that matter to the God who is able to perceive motives, we would give the forger over to the sentence of the law.

It may be urged against us that this plan takes no note of the moral or mental responsibility of the offender, but punishes disease equally with actual, wilful, intelligent crime. Our answer to this objection may be briefly stated in the recommendation of a total reformation in our whole theory and practice with regard to crimes and punishments.

The law of God as evident in life, is not vengeance, not punishment, but discipline. The events of life are educational. Life is God's school. Sorrow, remorse, adverse fate, dooms that follow sin, all things that befall us, are instructive or reformatory, are lessons and influences that teach and mould us. In God's plan there is no cruelty; all is justice; the worst is stern mercy working to a benignant end. It behooves us in our social arrangements to be guided by the law of God which every thoughtful man must feel in his own life, as educational. In dealing with criminals we should dismiss all measures whose end is simply punishment, and when we employ punishment in regard to them, employ it after the evident manner of God, in order to make them wiser and better men, adapting it to that end. To improve men on the one hand; to guard against their excesses on the other, are two primary objects of society. All true justice is informed with mercy. Ours should be merciful, at once to the offender and to society whom he has injured. Measures with criminals should vary, according to circumstances, but should always be gentle and human. The end should be, not vengeance, nor punishment, but the benefit of the criminal for the good of society on the one hand, or the safety of society against the criminal's irremediable propensity to crime, on the other. If, in the case of some cunning and implacable murderer, it should be shown that he cannot be immured for reformation with benefit to himself or safety to society, let him be executed—not because we want unchristian vengeance on him, but because his own good and the safety of some harmless person who may chance to fall in his way, demand that we mercifully put him out of the world, not being able to keep him here among us, on any terms, without possible base to him and dreadful injury to ourselves. Whatever measures we adopt in dealing with criminals, as indeed with innocent persons, should copy that law of adaptation everywhere perceivable in the creation of God. The means should be adapted to the ends, and the ends should be merciful. There should be no waste,—no overplus—of effort. Every hour of the time for which a criminal is confined in jail, should in justice to society and to him, be employed to make him a better man. If he is not better when his term has expired—if the result of his seclusion from his fellows has not been to make him a safer member of society—it is worse than folly to let him loose upon the world again. We are bound to make our prisons schools of virtue—bound as good citizens meaning well to our fellows, and aware that a criminal is injurious to everybody—and bound as good men anxious for the welfare and reformation of a wicked individual soul. When we send Huntingdon to prison, having found him guilty of the fact of forgery, we should see to it that that prison is to him the school—stern and strict if need be, but gentle and human in essence at any rate—which shall teach him to unlearn his vice of forging, or else we should keep him there, learning that lesson, all his life. To send him out again with that radical propensity to fraud still strong within him, is folly and blame. Sane or insane, it matters not; he is dangerous. He needs no harsh or unkind treatment; no punishment. He needs to be treated well, as a fellow-being; to be simply kept aloof from the society his evil practices practically harm, until he can be trusted among men; if he is a sane knave to be taught better, or kept till taught, if an insane knave to be cured of his insanity, or kept till cured. No more pleas of insanity, monomania, diabolic possession, or other palliations of offences. No more inquest of motives, habits, propensities—no more assumption on our parts of the right and power which God alone possesses, to analyse and determine the essences and responsibilities of crimes. No more vindictive penalties for the convicted offender. Make the jury judges of the fact; make the fact the condition of the law; make the law the equal sentence of all who violate it; and make the prison the Public Hospital for all forms of evil, sane or insane, wise, merciful, remediable, not the bane but the benefit of the culprit, not the curse but the blessing of society.

THE NEWS FROM EUROPE.

We have news from Europe to the 27th of December. France has notified Austria that she will not accept Austria, England, and Turkey's interpretation of the Bolgrad and Isle of Serpent question. This announcement, which is very Louis Napoleonish, must have to those powers, the "element of unexpectedness," which is said to be so pleasant in works of art, but which cannot be very agreeable in diplomacy. It is impossible to say with certainty, just now, what this means; but it is feared by some to be the first step on the part of the French Emperor to an alliance with Russia against England. England appears to be fast approaching the commencement of another war with Russia. The Persian struggle continues, and may be the precursor of the reopening of the Crimean wounds. Great Britain demands the evacuation of Herat; the payment of expenses; the dismissal of the Persian Prime Minister, and the establishment of British Consulates in various places. Reports on the London Exchange say that the British Government is arming all its gun-boats for active service, probably against Persia, which is probably at present a synonym for Russia. The French and English presses think that the Persian war will lead to war between Russia and England, and the London *Times* and the London *Press* (the latter, the Derby organ,) both denounce it.

The Peace Congress is soon to meet at Paris. A statement is made in the London *Times* that England and France are agreed on the points of discussion with Russia. No topics are to be introduced but those relating to Bolgrad and the Isle of Serpents. All the Plenipotentiaries, including the Turkish Minister, have received their instruction.

It is stated that a commission, composed of several officers, had been sent from the Russian head quarters to visit Mazanderan, a province of Persia, adjoining the Caspain Sea, in order to reconnoitre various passages for troops and to draw topographical plans. It appears that, in the event of serious hostilities taking place between England and Persia, Mazanderan will be a very important strategic point. Troops will be concentrated in this province, and the defiles of the Caspian gates, and that of Komis, will be strongly guarded.

Diplomatic relations are suspended between Switzerland and Prussia, and matters between the two nations are rushing into an inextricable snarl. Prussia has received no reply to her note addressed to the great Powers, on the Neufchatel affair, which was the nucleus of the present difficulties. Meanwhile she persists in forcible measures, and gathers thirty-five thousand troops under Gen. Von Groben. This gathering thunderbolt of absolutism is soon to be hurled against the Swiss. The latter are bearing themselves with the gallant spirit of their old years. They seem to keep in mind the significance of the motto on William Tell's chapel at Geneva. It is beneath the picture of a clock whose hands point to the first hour, and reads, "Swiss liberty is secure while the hands point to the hour of one." The hands still point to the hour of one—the Swiss seem thoroughly united. The population has sprung to arms with the greatest enthusiasm. Basle is to be defended by ten thousand troops; ten thousand more are arming to garrison Schaffhausen. The peasants, burghers and students pour into the ranks of the active army. Unlimited credits for military purposes have been voted. A familiar Swiss legend avers that the antique heroes of Switzerland—Tell, Melchtal and Verner—sit in a cavern of the Jura, in a deep sleep, with their long beards grown down to the stone table before them, but will awake whenever the independence they secured for their land is in peril, and inspire their countrymen for the struggle. It would seem as if the prophecy of the legend had come to pass, and the old heroes had appeared, so fervent and determined is the martial spirit with which the Swiss prepare to meet the invaders.

Besides this, the other European news is not important. Bands of insurgents traverse Sicily, but no general or concerted insurrectionary movement is on foot at present. A powder magazine at Naples had exploded and killed many soldiers. Unfortunately, that crowned ruffian, King Bomba, was not sitting on top of it, at the moment of the explosion.

One item of interest ought not, however, to be omitted in our summary of things abroad. It refers to the probable intention of the British Government to despatch final expeditions in search of Sir John Franklin. Three parties, it is said, are to be sent—one overland, one by Behring's and the other by Davis's Straits. It is to be hoped that they may find some sure token of the fate of the brave sailor, who has, undoubtedly, long before this, ended his earthly career.

Curious Taste.—An old English seaman who served under Admiral Parry in three Arctic expeditions, writes to the *Times* that he would like to join another in search of the party of Sir John Franklin. He expresses the opinion that "some of the party could hold out to this time;" but the most remarkable portion of his letter, is the statement that while in the Arctic regions, it was "his heart's desire" to remain with the Esquimaux. He says:—

"I studied their mode of living, was daily with them for many months. I considered their resources in clothing and food, and the effect it would have upon me, and came to the conclusion that, from their experiments of eating seal, sea-horse, birds, deer, fish, &c., I should soon become inured to them, particularly as it would be my own choice.

"As to clothing, the deer and seal skins would be more suitable for that climate than our own, and we could convert the birds' skins also.

"The snow huts for winter and skins for summer would do very well, and no rent to pay.

"The disposition and friendly manner of the natives was satisfactory."

This admirer of the Esquimaux, whose name is John Pond, was "Captain's steward of her Majesty's ships Fury and Hecla." He says he could not muster up courage sufficient to ask his Captain to allow him to remain. From this it would seem that even Esquimaux life has its compensations. Could love for some greasy maiden of the Polar seas be at the bottom of this strange desire? They say "Love is blind"—perhaps he is devoid of the faculty of smell also.

Beauties of the Pardoning System.—One of the convicts recently pardoned by Gov. Clark of New York—who had only served out two years of the ten to which he had been sentenced—is already charged with having, in company with two others, committed manslaughter.

HEALTH OF EMPLOYMENTS.

The following table, recently prepared by order of the Legislature of Massachusetts, is very instructive—showing, as it does, the comparative healthfulness of various employments, by a statistical statement of the average ages which those that follow them attain to:

Agriculturalists	63.93	Manufacturers	42.99
Bakers	42.45	Masons	47.79
Bank Officers	62.76	Mechanics	42.45
Blacksmiths	57.44	Merchants	51.71
Butchers	50.66	Musicians	39.68
Calico-printers	51.32	Operatives	32.93
Carpenters	49.39	Painters	42.68
Clerks	34.26	Physicians	54.94
Clergymen	55.72	Printers	39.01
Coopers	50.37	Public Officers	60.87
Editors	49.00	Rope Makers	54.50
Gentlemen	68.19	Shipwrights	35.27
Hatters	54.27	Shoemakers	42.12
Jewelers	44.05	Tailors	44.33
Judges and Justices	65.00	Teachers	30.46
Lawyers	54.43	Traders	46.35
Machinists	36.41		

It will be noticed that those who pursue the pleasing avocation of living "Gentlemen," attain to the greatest age, being an average of over 68 years. Then come the Judges and Justices, 65 years. Then the Agriculturists and Bank Officers, nearly 64 years. The Lawyers and Physicians live 54 years—and the Merchants only 51. Of the above classes, it is doubtless partly the mental anxieties and excitements to which the Merchants, Lawyers and Physicians are subjected, which shorten the average of their lives. They also do not live as regularly, do not take their sleep and meals as leisurely and methodically, as the "Gentlemen," the Judges and the Bank Officers. Clerks rank much lower than Bank Officers and Merchants—they are anxious as to their situations, and a life at the desk is not of itself a healthy one.

Editors only live, on the average, to forty. Poor fellows! who can wonder at it? Their means of living generally are precarious, and they are expected to do up the larger portion of the complaining and quarreling of the community. Does any grieve, and they are not grieved? Is any injured, and they not injured? Forty years of such a harrassing, tempestuous life—spent in keeping the rulers of the world in the straight and narrow path, to say nothing of the people, and an occasional tilt with the editor of a rival paper! is generally enough to consume the vital energies of the strongest and most hopeful.

The Clergymen, it seems, live to fifty-five. Editors belong to the church militant, the Clergy, very generally, to the church triumphant. This gives them fifteen years more of life—though they fall short of the "Gentlemen" nearly as much as the Editors fall short of them.

Of the trades, Coopering seems to be the healthiest, 58 years; while the Hatters and Rope-Makers live 54 years, and the Butchers 50—showing that the last named is not, as some have termed it, a "killing occupation." The poor Printers are down near the tail of the list, being two years worse off than the Editors, reaching only thirty-eight years. The Musicians blow their breath of life away at about 40—and the Machinists sacrifice their human machines as victims to the brass and iron steam-gods of this money-loving generation at 36.

The Teachers are the lowest in the list—teaching children being even a more worrying business than teaching men; while the wages are even smaller. Poor fellows, they die on an average at 34—to the great gain often of their Assistants, who each take a step higher. Swedenborg says that all the children that die early in this world, have to be taught in schools in the next. If this be so, we hope the teachers' wages are better, and the little urchins not quite so unmanageable.

THE USE OF THE WORD "LADY."

Col. Benton, in a characteristic letter to the National Intelligencer, correcting his Astor House speech, says:

There is also an error of commission in attributing to me the phrase *lady*, when, turning to the fair and graceful mothers and daughters who sat behind us, I gave the Bible opinion of their blessing to their fathers, exemplified in the case of Job's daughters—fair young women, none fairer in all the land—and the only part of all God's compensation to him for his faith and patience, under all his miseries, of which any description was given, thereby showing that these daughters were the main part of the blessing, they alone outweighing the seven sons. I did not say ladies. That word is not in the Bible, nor is it in any Greek or Roman book; and, if I must give food for a paragraph on "*egotism*," in some newspaper in which the editor may not yet have acquired the right to print the pronoun *ego* before any act of his own, I will add, that phrase is not in the Thirty Years' View in any part of the author's own writing. He took a dislike to it in reading of the "ladies" of the Court of the English Charles the Second, so well classified and qualified by the sly old Pepys in his Diary, when he says the King and the Court ladies were there, and Madame Bennett and her ladies were there. Since then I eschew the word, and like the answer of the Scotch gardener to the dame, who, to enforce some preposterous order, told him she was the Bishop's lady, to whom the gardener belonged: '*Madame, I do wot care if you were his wife!*" To be serious the phrase has been and is so applied in our America, as to have lost the sense in which it was used in the country from which we take it—*madame*—first only applicable to the eldest daughter of the King, in France, and afterwards transferred to the dames of the Court.

Col. Benton is in error when he says the word "lady" is not in the Bible. It occurs several times in various parts of the sacred volume, as the following passages show:

Judges 5: 29. Her wise *ladies* answered her.
Esther 1: 18. Likewise shall the *ladies* of Persia and Media say this day unto all the king's princes, which have heard of the deed of the queen.
Isaiah 47: 5. Sit thou silent, and get thee into darkness, oh, daughter of the Chaldeans; for thou shalt no more be called the *lady* of the kingdom.
Isaiah 47: 7. And thou saidst I shall be a *lady* forever.
2 John: 1. The elder unto the elect *lady* and her children, whom I love in the truth.
2 John: 5. And now beseech thee, *lady*, not as though I wrote a new commandment unto thee.

It is also averred that the Colonel is in error again when he says the word does not occur in his "Thirty Years' View." It is said to be there in seven instances. As to the word itself, we see no good reason against its proper use. It is genuine old Saxon, signifying originally a "bread-giver" to the poor, and in its modern use, a woman of refined manners. We must have some word to denote the sex in general, and woman is that word—the word female having a still broader signification, being applied to the feminine gender of all animals. Every female human being is a woman, and therefore some term is needed to designate the refined and gentle among women. For our part, we shall continue to use the noble old Saxon term, Lady, till some better is pointed out to us.

The Milk Sickness.—Mr. Dudley Wightman, of Flint, Genesee county, Mich., writes us to say that the cause of the milk sickness is from the cow eating a certain poisonous plant, known to him. Being old, feeble, and poor, Mr. Wightman thinks he ought to have some recompense for his secret, and offers to divulge the cause and remedy of the sickness to any person or persons who will advance him a little sum to help him along in his old age.

GENTLEMEN'S FASHIONS.

Not the ladies alone are the sport and victim of that furbelowed and cruel goddess, styled Fashion. Gentlemen also—the young and foolish generally, we may add—often, also, make themselves not only ridiculous, but great sufferers, in obedience to the behests of the latest tyle. Let us relate an incident in proof of this.

Not long since a friend of ours visited a boot-maker's. A young gentleman there, who was being measured for a new pair of boots, gave particular instructions to the master of the shop, that his boots should be made "as *short* as possible"—"right close up to the toes." Another stranger was standing by, and, as he heard this injunction given, he turned to the young devotee of Fashion, and said:—"My friend, if I were you I would recall those instructions. I have just come from amputating the toe of a young man, who has suffered thus as a consequence of wearing these short boots—and his is the *sixth* I have operated upon in the same way, during the last seven months."

The young gentleman was astonished, and instantly gave orders that his boots should be made so as to allow plenty of room for the toes. His adviser was Dr. P——, a well-known surgeon of this city.

A lady who knew of the above facts, took occasion of them to rally us in relation to that abhorrence of ours, the hoop. "Hoops," she said, "whatever may be alleged against their beauty, do, when worn in lady-like moderation, prevent the skirts from being the great incumbrance they often are in walking, especially on a windy day. But, even granting that they are neither useful nor beautiful, still they are not injurious. They may be a folly, but they are an innocent one. While you gentlemen—you, the sensible and strong-minded—see you risking the amputation of your toes, in your desire to have your feet appear smaller than they really are. Why not go a little further, and imitate the example of the Chinese ladies?"

Of course our ready answer was that no *sensible* man could be found following the stub-toed fashion—but, if wearing a sensible, full-sized boot is the sign of a sensible man, no doubt an impartial examination of the masculine *understandings*, in the cities, if not in the country, would disclose a large number of fools.

NEWS OF THE COURT.

Picking up the London Lady's Newspaper the other day, we found the following among a string of similar announcements:—

The Queen with the Princess Royal walked in the Home Park on Saturday morning, and visited the Duchess of Kent at Frogmore. Prince Albert, accompanied by Prince Frederick William of Prussia, went out shooting. The Prince of Wales rode out on horseback. The younger members of the Royal family took their accustomed exercise. Lord Caithness has succeeded Lord de Tabley as Lord in Waiting to the Queen.

On Sunday morning the Queen and Prince, the Prince of Wales, the Princess Royal, Princess Alice and Prince Frederick William of Prussia, the ladies and gentlemen of the Court, and the domestic household, attended divine service in the private chapel of the castle. The Hon. and Very Rev. the Dean of Windsor officiated.

The Queen walked in the Home Park on Monday morning, accompanied by the younger royal children, and visited the Duchess of Kent at Frogmore. His Royal Highness Prince Albert, with Prince Frederick William of Prussia, went out shooting. The Right Hon. W. G. Hayter and Colonel Challoner had the honor to accompany the Prince.

The Queen and Prince, with the Princess Royal and Prince Frederick William of Prussia, drove out on Tuesday afternoon in an open carriage, attended by the Duchess of Athol, the Hon. Eleanor Stanley, and the Hon. Louisa Gordon. The Equerries in Waiting were also in attendance. His Royal Highness Prince Albert, accompanied by Prince Frederick of Prussia went out hunting.

The Queen, accompanied by Prince Arthur and Princess Helena, drove out on Wednesday afternoon in open carriage, attended by the Duchess of Athol and Lord Charles Fitzroy. Her Majesty and his Royal Highness Prince Albert walked in the grounds of the Castle in the morning. The Princess Royal and Princess Alice rode in the Riding house.

Funny, is it not?—the interest that the London ladies can take in such paragraphs as the above. To an American they read like the superlative degree of snobbishness. But then we have no royal family—and cannot have; as Pat said,—"ye havn't got the blood."

New Publications.

About New York. An Account of What A Boy Saw in his Visit to the City. By Philip Wakeley. Dix, Edwards & Co., New York. For sale by H. Cowperthwait & Co., Phila.

A book for children, not without merit, being capable of giving them a good idea of affairs in a city, but having faults which vitiate its excellencies. It is slangy, it is not serious over serious things, and it is sillily colloquial. The following bit of covert profanity, though a solitary instance of such, yet gives an idea of the general *lightness* of the book.

"But to work they kept; and they dug, and blasted, and hammered, and masoned, and more and more the Croton River wondered, as they built out the strong stone wall across it, till at last the finishing course was laid, and the Croton said:

"'Well, *I'm dammed!*'

"And sure enough it was dammed across with a wall as strong as," &c.

Nobody will deny that the above pun is clever and jocular—and very old. But isn't this rather strong meat for babes?

The British Essayists. Little, Brown & Co. For sale by Willis P. Hazard, Phila.

Seven volumes more of this beautiful edition of the British Essayists, two containing those Essays published under the title of "The Connoisseur," the papers being principally the composition of the dramatist Colman, Mr. Thornton, Cowper, and the poet Lloyd; one—"The Idler"—written by Dr. Johnson, Dr. Warton, and Sir Joshua Reynolds; two—"The Mirror," by the various members of a society in Edinburgh, among whom were Home, Mackenzie, Fraser Tytler, the historian Home, and many other wits of the time, more or less known; and two—"The Lounger," a continuation of "The Mirror," and composed by different members of the same society. It is needless to say that these Essays are a mine of choice reading.

Pictures of the Olden Time, as Shown in the Fortunes of a Family of the Pilgrims. By Edmund H. Sears. Crosby, Nichols & Co., Boston. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Phila.

An admirable historical romance, of the truest kind, the historic facts being preserved in all their integrity, but enveloped with an efflorescence of fiction. Its theme is indicated by the title. It is a work of very unusual power, scholarship, and beauty, and deserves to be read widely, not only for the entertainment it affords, but for its noble moral, and the suggestive light it throws upon the story of our ancestors.

Lily Bell; or, The Lost Child. By Alice Fay. James French & Co., Boston. For sale by Parry & McMillan, Phila.

Poems by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Ticknor & Fields. Boston. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

Here, in two little fairy volumes, daintily bound in blue and gold, and just the size to carry conveniently in one's pocket or reticule, are printed, in large and bold type, all the poems Longfellow has written, from the "Hymn to the Night" to "Hiawatha." We hope Messrs. Ticknor & Fields will give us all the poets in this beautiful and convenient form, as they have already given us Tennyson and Longfellow.

The Puddlesford Papers, or Humors of the West. By H. H. Riley. Derby & Jackson, New York. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

A comical caricature of things as they are in a Western township. The work is a distortion, of course, but has considerable humor.

Cornell's High School Geography. With a Large and Complete Atlas. By S. S. Cornell. D. Appleton & Co., New York. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Phila.

Apparently a work of great merit. The maps of the Atlas are fine, having great obviousness and completeness.

Biography of the Rev. Robert Finley, D. D., of Basking Ridge, N. J. John W. Moore, Phila.

Scenes and Adventures in the Army. By P. St. G. Cooke, Lieut. Col. Second Dragoons, U. S. A. Published and for sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philada.

Our Grandmother's Stories, and Aunt Kate's Fireside Memories. Ticknor & Fields, Boston. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

And that high suffering which we dread
A higher joy discloses;
Men saw the thorns on Jesus' brow
But angels saw the roses.
—From "Passion Flowers."

☞ "Laws descend like an inveterate hereditary disease; they trail from generation to generation, and glide imperceptibly from place to place. Reason becomes nonsense; beneficence a plague. Woe to thee if thou art a grandson!"—*Goethe.*

☞ It was a maxim of General Jackson's:—"Take time to deliberate; but when the time for action arrives, stop thinking."

☞ Active Life and Repose.—Not merely to know, but according to thy knowledge to do, is the destiny of man. "Not for leisurely contemplation of thyself, not to brood over devout sensations, art thou here. Thine action, thine action alone determines thy worth."—*Fichte.*

☞ Were success in life (morally or physically) the main object here, it certainly would seem as if a little more faculty in man were sadly needed. Living, as we do, in the midst of stern gigantic laws which crush everything down that comes in their way, which know no excuses, admit of no small errors, never send a man back to learn his lesson and try him again, but are as inexorable as fate—it does seem as if the faculties of man were hardly as yet adequate to his situation here.—*Helps.*

☞ Manage a mad house as you will, you never can make a rational community out of it.

☞ "Fellow," said a harsh clerical magistrate to a trespasser, "I'll teach you the *law*." "Please your reverence," was the reply, "it would be much better for you to teach me the *Gospel*."

☞ Too Fearful to Contemplate.—There is a work advertised called *Every Man a Lawyer*. What a state of society!

☞ As the flowers of the earth do not envy one another, although one is more beautiful than another, so likewise do we all please God, as many of us as enter into His will. We all stand together in His field.—*Jacob Boehme.*

☞ No Small Clothes.—The word petticoat is henceforth a misnomer, as long as the article of apparel so called retains an amplitude to which only the bitterest irony can ascribe the character of pettiness.—*Punch.*

☞ A member of the Irish Parliament met the reproach of selling his country by "thanking God that he had a country to sell."

☞ Has it never occurred to us, when surrounded by sorrows, that they may be sent to us only for our instruction, as we darken the cages of birds when we wish to teach them to sing?—*Jean Paul.*

☞ Pleasure, when it is man's chief purpose, disappoints itself; and the constant application to it palls the faculty of enjoying it: though it leaves the sense of our inability for that we wish, with a disrelish for every thing else.

☞ Macaulay says that "those means are most correct which best accomplish the ends;" and Charles Dickens affirms that "all good ends can be worked out by good means. Those that cannot are bad; and may be considered so at once and left alone."

☞ He who labors with the mind governs others; he who labors with the body is governed by others.

☞ A letter from Vienna states that the chaste susceptibilies of the Archbishop of that city are wounded by the rose color which, there as elsewhere, is chosen for the dresses of the dancseuses, and that he insists that a more sombre hue be selected by the managers of the theatres. The Viennese public, who are great admirers of the ballet, will not easily reconcile themselves, it is thought, to this ecclesiastical intervention in theatrical matters.

☞ The Lancet tells us that the cholera in the Islands of Mauritius and Bourbon, is probably due to the pork imported there from India; for, says the Lancet, "the pigs of India feed by droves and droves upon the thousands of corpses which strew the banks of the common grave, the Ganges."

☞ On the Atlantic slope of the continent, the grain region is thought to be limited to the fifty-fifth parallel of latitude; but on the Pacific slope it is calculated to reach as high as the sixty-fifth parallel. The area south of these boundaries is enormous.

☞ Our exchange papers say that, although the last year was leap year, the number of marriages in the course of it was less than in ordinary years. This seems to prove either that the women are not as good at courting as the men, or that the men are harder to court than the women.—Which is it?—*Louisville Journal.*

☞ Words.—"Words, words, words!" says Hamlet, despairingly; but God preserve us from the destructive power of words. There are words whose sting can remain in the heart through a whole life.—*Moralist.*

A Novel Hint.—Chief Baron O'Grady was annoyed at Tralee Assizes by a great noise in court. He looked towards Denny, the high sheriff, expecting him to interfere. Finding, however, that Denny, who was reading in his box, paid no attention, O'Grady rose from the bench and exclaimed, "Mr. Denny, I just rise to him that I am afraid that the noise in court will prevent you from reading your novel in quiet."

Giving Chloroform to Pigs.—Berlin thieves begin to exhibit great refinement in their mode of proceeding. Some of them having a mind to the two fat pigs of a householder, at Moabit, introduced themselves into the sty, and in order to secure themselves from being betrayed by the squeals of their victims, chloroformed both, and then quietly proceeded to slay and cut them up.

RICHARD FARQUERSON'S FORTUNE.

RELATED TO HIS CHILDREN.

BY HOLME LEE.

CHAPTER I.

It was in the fever-time, that dreadful season which you must all remember, that I left home.

I came in one night to my tea as usual, at half-past six—a rainy, unwholesome night it was—and found my father sitting over the fire with his head aching, and deadly sick; he was just beginning in the fever. Ten days after, he was in his coffin. There we all were—six of us at home, little and big—and nobody to earn bread for us. What were we to do? My mother—she was a high-spirited, proud woman, who had been decently bred and used to comfort in her young days—looked at us dry-eyed. I distinctly remember her saying, the evening after my father was buried, as we sat about the fire just after tea,

"Children, there must be something done; your father has left us nothing but debts, and we cannot starve."

Some of us were old enough then to dislike the mad speculation my father had undertaken; I say *mad*, because it was impossible we could know so early how well it would turn out for us. The first idea was, of course, to close the shop, and seek some quiet private occupation. My mother thought of dress making; but several people came and asked her to try it—selling the fish and game, I mean—and after a few days' consideration she determined to do so. I don't know that any of us objected, or that our friends fell off in consequence. A man who understood the trade came from London and managed it, and my mother kept the books. She was a very clever, upright woman; and though I have come across many clever women in my lifetime, I never yet met one who was her equal. In the course of eight years she brought up her family—Willy, the youngest, died four months after my father—paid off every farthing of previously accumulated debt, and laid by a sufficient maintenance for her old age; then she shut up the shop. Are we ashamed of it now? Most certainly not. If ever—being a man of property—I am carried away by the vanity of imitating my betters, and desire to bear a coat of arms on my carriage, I shall take for my crest a crayfish with the motto, "By this I rise."

The young ones got a better education than I had the chance of. I was *fifteen* when my father died, and had just been apprenticed to a printer. I hated the business, and asked my master if he would cancel my indentures. He said he would if my mother agreed, thinking that I was going to help her in the business, though that was a long way from my intentions, and from hers too; for she never suffered any one of us to go near the shop. My sisters went to the best schools in the town, (and here let me acknowledge, that, knowing our former position and our present difficulties, every where friends turned up for us;) they had all they wanted as far as books and masters went. My mother used to say, "Children, I cannot give you a fortune, but I will give you an education suitable to the station in which you were born, and you must each work your way back to it for yourselves." We have all done so, thanks to her. I had no distinct idea when I left home of what I wanted to become. Adventure and change were the vague harkerings in my mind; at all events, I did *not* want to be a printer. I told her so one Sunday night, when all the children but Maggie had gone to bed. She looked rather puzzled, and asked, "Then what do you want to be, Richard?"

I said I did not exactly know, but thought I should like to be a merchant. She did not speak decidedly, but conveyed that to get into a merchant's office required a very high premium. Now, in some book or other—I ought to recollect it, but don't—I had read of a man earning his way to great wealth from a beginning of half-a-crown. I started in life with threepence-halfpenny. No more was said then; but I gave my mother two kisses instead of one that night when I went to bed; and, as soon as it began to dawn in the morning, I got up and ran away from home.

CHAPTER II.

And this is what I began life with. My black cloth Sunday-trowsers with threepence-halfpenny in the pocket, black jacket and waistcoat, one shirt on my back and another in my bundle; also two extra pairs of socks; and Maggie's present to me on my last birthday—a little shilling Testament;—that was all, so far as I recollect.

It did not enter into my head at first what sore hearts I should make at home by my flight; but Maggie has told me since that great was the dismay when it was found out that I was gone. My mother hoped for a week or two that I should come back, and fretted continually; but at length she made up her mind to it, and said:

"Richard is an honest lad, and he has a good spirit; he will not starve."

I did not starve, but very near it, as you shall hear. It was a Monday morning in September when I ran away; a very raw morning, drizzling and misty. I could not have chosen a worse time if I had looked out for it. I started straight along the road, stopping now and then to look at the guide posts. The first said "London 189 miles;" that was a long tramp; but I kept my eye on the end of it, not on the hardships by the way, or I should never have got there at all. I took my breakfast in a wheat field, where the grain was half ripe, my dinner the same, and my supper the same: it did very well, only I am afraid it was not honest, though I had done it fifty times before without a qualm when I was not hungry. At nightfall I was a distance from any village, and the drizzle had changed to an even down-pour. I was glad to come in sight of a roadside inn. I meant to beg shelter for the night in some of the out-buildings. I was big enough and strong enough to rough it and not care, looking to the end—mind, always to the end. There were some grooms and people hanging about the doorway, waiting for the night coach, which changed horses there; and besides them, a gentleman with a carpet-bag, waiting to be taken up by it. He stared at me very hard, as many people had done in the course of my day's journey, and at last said very smartly,

"You're a runaway, my lad, arn't you? Tell truth, and shame the devil! I ran away from school myself; it is enough to make a fellow run away! Are you going to sea? I went to sea—runaways always do; but I came back."

He took it all for granted, asking his questions and answering them in a breath. The coach arrived as he was speaking; and he immediately bustled off, and mounted the only vacant seat on the roof; and then called to me to hand him up his carpet-bag, which I did, and he threw me sixpence for my trouble, thus increasing my capital to ninepence-halfpenny. The coach drove away in a few minutes, but stopped before it had gone fifty yards, and the strange man screamed out at the top of a stentorian voice,

"Here, you runaway lad, take that; it'll be of use to you, may be!"

And as the vehicle rolled on, a scrap of paper fluttered down in the mud. I took it up, thinking of bank notes, but the paper was too thick for that; and when I brought it to the lamp over the inn door, I saw that it was merely the outside of a letter, with a name and address—"Mr. Morley, 18 Great Walton street, London." I put it into my pocket, and asked the ostler if I might have shelter anywhere for the night, in the stable or barn? He said he would ask his mistress. She was just within the doorway, and met the request with a very curt refusal, and turned round to look at me, as I stood outside in the rain, dripping at every angle and point. Having considered me a minute or two in silence, she said,

"You've run away, have you, young man; how old are you?"

Now, even at that age, I was averse to questions. I was not going back; and therefore I determined to stop interrogatories which might lead to my being discovered by one decisive answer:

"I'm old enough to be my own master; if you'll give me a shelter I'll be thankful; if you won't, say so, and I'll go elsewhere."

She immediately said that I might go in.

The place where I passed the night was the kitchen, clean, warm, and cozy. I slept like a top on the long settle, after a gratuitous supper of bread, cheese, and ale. I had only to answer one more question—was my father living or dead? and the woman was like a mother to me when I said that he was dead. In the morning, rested and refreshed, I started on my second day's journey.

I thought of them at home a good deal that day.

CHAPTER III.

I got to London on Saturday. I cannot say that I was very dilapidated; for I had slept under a roof every night and had fed in the corn fields by day. It is surprising how much you can go through with a stout heart, youth, and health. But having got into the great Babel, I found myself alone. Think of that: *alone* and penniless—for all my capital was gone now—*alone* in London. There was no ripe corn growing anywhere near the steps of St. Martin's Church, on which I slept that night. Fortunately it was fine, though frosty and chill; and I don't care to acknowledge now that I shed some tears on the old stones, thinking of my mother and the rest of them at home; perhaps, also, I was rather hungry: it is most likely. I can't throw any romantic glamour over the prosaic facts of that Sunday, if I were to talk till doomsday. When I woke, stiff and cold, the sun was rising, and the houses looked taller than they have ever done since; and my last idea on falling asleep was my first at waking—an idea I did not get rid of all that day—that I had got nothing to eat. I attended service at St. Martin's Church in the morning: not looking quite a mendicant, but very nearly so; in the afternoon I had a siesta in one of the parks; and towards evening, memory quickened by appetite, may be, I bethought myself of Mr. Morley and Great Walton street. I inquired my way, lost it, found it again, and finally came to a stand opposite a large important house; then I felt profoundly that I did not look what is called "respectable:" I was not a weakling, so that four-and-twenty hours' fast had not exhausted me; but my clothes had a week's dust on them. However, up the steps I went, and rang the bell; a livery-servant opened the door, and I asked if Mr. Morley was at home. Yes, he was; but he never saw company or transacted business on a Sunday. I was not company and I had no business; but I took the back of the letter and asked the servant to carry it to his master, which he did. I have heard since that he thought I was one of Mr. Morley's poor relations from the country. I waited on the step for five minutes or more before he returned, and when he did, looked very anxiously for his message, as you may think.

"Master says he'll see you; come in."

And in I went.

"You'd better leave that here," indicating the bundle, "and rub your shoes on the mat."

The man was quite civil, being, I believe, familiarised with folks coming for help. Mr. Morley was a good man.

I followed him up stairs, and into a room where Mr. Morley and two children were sitting at a table covered with dessert. Doffing my cap at the door, I made a pause there.

"So you've got here! I said you did not look like turning back," cried Mr. Morley. "When did you come?"

"Last night."

"Found your friends?"

"I had none to seek."

Mr. Morley turned full round and faced me.

"Come and sit down, and tell me all about it. What school was it? Here's Tom means to run away soon; the amusements are so mild. At his school they take them to tectotal meetings by way of fun. Now, what's your grievance?"

"I've not run away from school," said I, rather diffidently; "I've run away from home, because there are too many of us for my mother to keep, and I want to keep myself."

"What's your name?"

"Richard Farquerson."

"I knew a Farquerson once—James Farquerson; he was a rich merchant at one time, but he failed. He had a son Richard—anything to you?"

"My grandfather lived in London, but he died long ago; it may be the same. He was unfortunate in business I have heard my mother say—"

"His son Richard was unfortunate, too, I should think; he was a man whose vocation was *not* to succeed in the world. How about your father?"

"He was very good-humored and fond of company. My mother's fortune was lost in my grandfather's failure. She had money left her too, but it was wasted; my father lent some, and I don't know how the rest went. My mother does not speak much about it. We were in debt when he died, but she means to pay everybody in the end."

"Richard Farquerson—the one I knew—liked racing and betting. He settled at Warleigh when he married, intending to carry on business in connection with his father here; but they both came to ruin together."

I blushed. Warleigh I had come from, but I would rather have kept my secret. Mr. Morley had his eye upon me.

"You're Richard Farquerson's son; I know you by that turn of the lip. He stood my good friend more than once."

"How so, sir?" I ventured to ask.

"He was a warning to me," was the abrupt and very unexpected response. "Where have you got your pith and spirit from? not from father or grandfather, I vouch for it."

"From my mother, sir."

"She must be one in a thousand. I remember your father. I was a lad then, in James Farquerson's office. The most lively, thoughtless, reckless young fellow he was; looking forward to a handsome competence, and throwing his money about as if it had been chucky-stones. We were at the same school; and there he was all for tops, kites, marbles, and alocampane. We proposed to run away together; but he could never make up his mind to climb the playground-wall, and I ran away alone. He was successively apprenticed to a civil engineer, an architect, and an attorney; and each master was so obliging as to cancel his indentures after the lapse of a few months. Then he went to sea, and turned up again, like a bad halfpenny, at six weeks' end; a sea life did not agree with him; indeed, nothing did agree with him but his ease and his pleasure, so he subsided upon a stool in his father's office. I have heard him tell the story of his youthful mischances as an excellent joke, and have laughed with him and thought him a fine fellow, though I had begun to go steadily in the mill, and work there. He never worked; he used to lie in bed till half-past ten or eleven o'clock, and be threatened through the keyhole with cold pig by his Aunt Jane. He had expectations from her, but offended her."

"Will you have a piece of cake?" asked the little girl whom I had noticed at my entrance into the room. She was standing in front of me with a great wedge of it in her fingers offering it to me. I took it, and ate it slowly, not as if I were particularly hungry, though every crumb was precious; and she watched me with a very earnest attention as if she had never seen any thing like me before. I was rather ogreish, no doubt. Her father ordered the boy who sat still at the table, cracking filberts and listening with all his might, to pour me out a glass of wine, which he did reluctantly. He was a pale, small creature, with mean features, and not more than ten years old to look at, though he was thirteen; the girl was pretty, and prettily dressed in a white muslin frock and blue sash. They were cousins; Cousin Tom and Cousin Nellie they called each other. After I had drank the wine, and was listening again to what Mr. Morley talked about, his words grew involved and indistinct. Will it be believed that I fell asleep?

When I woke up with a great start, the children were gone, and a servant was bringing in candles. I sprang up, and began to stammer an apology.

"Sit down again, I have not heard all I want to hear, or said all I want to say," Mr. Morley interposed. "How many of you did Richard Farquerson—did your father leave? Tell me all about it."

So I began and told him all I knew; how things had not prospered with us, and how we were getting behind-hand with the world when my father took it into his head to open that shop; what a grievance it was to my mother; and how he died of the fever a fortnight after it was begun, and left six children unprovided for.

"Richard Farquerson all over! he was one of those careless do'er-do wells, who are kept by a social Providence for the encouragement of charitable and indulgent persons. I remember how he used to rave against skittish fortune, and swear she had a spite against him, when he was doing everything in his power to spite her. And he is dead?"

"Two months ago."

Mr. Morley was silent for several minutes; at last he said suddenly, "What do you expect from me; what do you want with me? I know nothing of you. You've not come begging—I can't offer you a shilling."

He evidently expected me to say something more, but I did not; I only got up to go away; indeed, I had no claim on any one.

"Where are you going to-night—nowhere particular perhaps? then you may stay here if you choose. As I said before, your father did me a good turn once, and I'll pay it to his son," said Mr. Morley. "Now the first thing you'll do will be to write to your mother."

"I'd rather not, sir, until I see my way," said I. I did not want them at home to know any thing about me until I could say that I was above need and getting on.

"Not see your way! It's straight forward; every body's way is straight forward, if they would only keep to it, instead of edging off in search of something grander or pleasanter than what they see before them. You'll write to your mother, Richard Farquerson, and tell her that you are safe and have found a friend; even if you don't tell her more. It is your plain duty, sir; quite as much your duty as it was in the first instance to run away. Then we will have up the cold beef."

I wrote the letter with pen and paper that he gave me there and then; but it never went.—Well, I've been sorry for it since.

After the cold beef I went to bed in the "cousins' room." Mr. Morley had hosts of country relatives who came up to town periodically to be helped on in the world by him; and until they got a step, they occupied this little green bed-room at the back of the house. When I entered Mr. Morley's office it was supposed that I was one of these many poor country-cousins, until Tom let out the truth.

EASIER SAID THAN DONE.

HAIR-DRESSER.—"M'sieu wish se berbe shave?"

ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS.—"Oui, je fay—a—that is, I do. And—a—I say, just trimmay le moostarsh a l'Empereor, sivvooplay—like—a—that is—com le voire—I mean—you—know like yours!"

CHAPTER IV.

It was not until I had been away from Warleigh six years that I let them know at home where I was and what I was doing. To be sure, once in every few months I dropped them a line to say that I was in the land of the living; but I wanted some day to surprise them all. It was a very foolish ambition, and by the time I had been six years on the world I found it out. I was not going to be rich by any sudden stroke of fortune; and if I waited until I grew independent in the ordinary course of events, why, I thought, I may wait until I am a middle-aged man, and there is no mother left to rejoice over me. So just before I went abroad, I wrote her a long letter, telling her all about my doings since I left Warleigh, and promising to go down and see them all when I came back from Rio, whither I was sent on Mr. Morley's business. Her answer did not come till I was just on the point of sailing; and the nearest word to a reproach that she said in it was: "You would have spared me many a sleepless night, dear Richard, if you had written earlier." I knew her quiet way, and how much pain it hid; and I declare those few words cut me up more than any others I ever heard.

Well, I was away at Rio two years,—a long two years they were, I assure you,—and when I came back to England I got a holiday, and went home to Warleigh for a month. The changes in those eight years! In the first place, there was the old house converted into a respectable place again; the shop had vanished, and was become a parlor, where my good mother sat in her easy-chair, with her knitting on a little round white marble table, which she told me had been the slab once upon a time. Maggie laughed about it, calling it her mother's vanity; and, "Indeed," says my mother, "what would have become of you children but for it? You ought to feel a respect for it." And so in our hearts we do.—Maggie has many a jest about what she calls our "aquatic origin." "Like Venus, we rise from the sea," she cries, and my mother bids her hush. My mother sees no fun in it; to her it was a hard trial, and as such will always be remembered.

Maggie was grown up, and looking old for her age, which is only two years more than my own; but you might see she was a predestined old maid, even if the mourning ring on her finger had not let you partly into the poor girl's romance. Marian, my second sister, was married and gone from home; and Lena, the youngest, was out as a governess in a great family. But it was Christmas time, and they both came to Warleigh for a few days, and also Henry, from his situation in Manchester.

"I shall perhaps never see all my children around me at one time again," said my mother; "I am getting old in the world." But she has had us all around her many happy Christmases since then; and some of us with very considerable additions, or incumbrances—which shall we call the great boys and girls that are growing up about us into men and women so fast, that our own youth is quite thrown back into the shade? Not incumbrances, I think.

CHAPTER V.

I had managed Mr. Morley's affairs at Rio, which had got into some entanglement, so much to his satisfaction, that when I went back to town he let me have a small share in the business, and make ventures on my own account. I began to get on then; for my speculations, though on a small scale, prospered, and paved the way to greater; everybody must have a beginning. Long before I went out to Rio, I had vacated the little green "cousins' room" for lodgings of my own, but had still continued a very frequent guest in Great Walton Street; and I had not been there more than twice after my return before I made a discovery which did not please me, indeed it made me a miserable disconsolate dog for months; it was that Mr. Morley destined his daughter Ellen for her cousin Tom. Mr. Morley told me himself one night when we were alone in the dining-room; perhaps the old man suspected; but no matter.

Tom Fletcher was one-and-twenty then; a pale-faced, undersized, insignificant, poor spirited creature. I could not abide him. Ellen was eighteen; a rosebud, a merry, laughing, kind, warm-hearted girl she was as ever breathed; and quite as friendly towards me as she was that first night when she gave me the big lump of cake out of her hand, and my boy's heart was vowed to her forever for the kindness of the act.

When Mr. Morley and I went upstairs after I had heard the news, I was naturally very dull. Tom came in soon after from dining at his club, and had tea. Ellen did not like Tom any more than I did; and when she was not ridiculing him mercilessly (she had a sharp tongue—as what woman who is worth a chip has not?) she kept him at such a distance that he did not dare speak to her. She was in one of her icy moods that night, and Tom would have been much more comfortable in a shower-bath than he was under her sleety civility. She had fathomed him long ago; but she had promised to marry him when almost a child, and before she knew what marrying meant. She began to change her mind now, and I was the cause of that change. I was as much in love with her as a man could be; and if she had a fondness for anybody besides her father, it was for myself. We were both well aware of this some time before we ventured explicitly to say so. It was on this particular evening, if Ellen had not found me out before, that she made the discovery of my affection for her, though I had not my assurance of hers so early.

Tom asked her to sing; and instead of making any of the thousand and one excuses that girls are generally so ready with, she simply replied, that she was not in the humor. If Tom had not been such a mean scoundrel, I could have pitied him for the contemptuous coldness that Ellen threw into all she said to him, though that was little enough; but Tom knew that her father was on his side, and bore it philosophically enough. He confided to me—I could have beaten his infatuated vanity out of him with relish—that Nellie was crazed in love with him; but as she was quite safe for him, he should take a little longer time to sow his wild oats. He had set up a house of his own at a short distance from town, and there he received his own kind of company that he could not bring to his uncle's house—very low company it generally was. It used to throw me into the wildest rage to think that my pure little Ellen could ever be the wife of such a creature; and if I had not seen her so thoroughly set against him, I don't know what I might not have done.

Tom left before me that evening; and when he was gone, Ellen recovered her good humor; she would sing for me with once asking. I cannot exactly tell how it came about, but Mr. Morley having dropped asleep in his easy-chair, we began to talk together in an undertone by the piano, and I told her about all of them at home, which I had never done before. She listened with a great deal of interest, and asked a good many questions respecting my mother and sisters; and how I had enjoyed going home after so long an absence. And I said, "It was very pleasant to be there, Nellie; but I was glad to come back here; it always seems *home* to me most where you are now." She turned very red, and looked away as she shut up the music book. I was startled at what I had said, for she seemed frightened, and I did not know whether she was angry or not. "Nellie, are you angry with me?" I whispered, catching one of her hands in mine and holding it fast.

She was very white now, and her eyes were shining as if there were tears in them; but "You had better go away, Richard," was all she said, and she gave a hurried glance at her father. I was very much disposed to linger, but she reiterated, "Go, Richard; go now." She remembered her miserable tie to her cousin Tom; while I, for a moment, felt that I was not acting right by my benefactor. Afterwards, when it came to the point of seeing the woman I loved sacrificed to an evil-minded man, who would break her heart, I threw that and every other consideration to the winds, and spoke out. But the time was not yet ripe for that.

CHAPTER VI.

Another year went over our heads, during which interval Mr. Morley retired almost entirely from the management of his commercial affairs, leaving them in the hands of Tom Fletcher. I was surprised how my good friend, who, in other matters was an acute, far-sighted man, could be so hoodwinked to his nephew's real character and pursuits. Perhaps it might be that he had become habituated to him by long dependence, and the young man was too cautious ever to let his vices become obtrusive; that Mr. Morley was deceived there is no doubt, for Tom had entire possession of his ear, and influenced him to undertake several speculations, which, if hinted at by another, tenacious as he was of his commercial credit, the old man would have scouted as rash in the extreme. The firm was "Morley and Fletcher" then. Mr. Morley hinted to me that it might be "Morley, Fletcher and Farquerson," if I had a mind, but I have never regretted the lost opportunity. Tom certainly possessed business talents, if he could have kept straight; but I disliked his course of proceedings so much, that I withdrew from Mr. Morley's office, and began on my own account. There was in consequence a slight coolness between us for a short time; but it wore off, and our friendly relations were again resumed. It was on the first evening that I dined in Great Walton Street after this temporary coolness that Ellen and I spoke openly to each other. I found her looking ill and depressed; and by dint of a few questions, extracted from her an admission that Tom Fletcher was hateful to her, and that the thought of a marriage with him was most repugnant to her feelings. Her father had been desirous of hastening it, that he might resign all business anxieties, for which he began to feel himself unequal, into the hands of his son-in-law; and she, fearful of encountering his displeasure, had not dared to speak out her abhorrence. It was a very critical moment; I could by no means be sure of Ellen's feelings, and a rejection would have mortified me beyond expression. That she liked me, I knew well enough. Well, there she sat, drooping before me, her cheeks all lily-white, and the tears glittering in her pretty eyes; and I stood shifting restlessly from one foot to the other, not venturing to bring my fortune to the test, to win or lose it all, until she looked up at me and began,

"You know, Richard—"

I only knew one thing at that moment,—how much I loved Nellie; so I cut her trembling little phrase short, and told her so. She blushed, and made no answer; but she did not pull her hand away or bid me go this time, so I stayed. And presently, "but how shall we tell my father?" asked she.

"Leave that in my hands, Nellie," I said. "I will tell him when he comes up from the dining-room. You can run away, if you are afraid."

"I am afraid, Richard. His heart was so set on my marrying Tom, that if you had not spoken I think I should. I don't like to grieve him.—But, Richard, what if he is angry? He never was angry with me in his life. How can I bear it?"

I cheered her, and bade her have courage.

"I will have courage for you, dear Richard," said she; and though she was trembling like a leaf, a color came into her face and a sparkle into her eyes, that told me love for somebody put that courage into her shrinking little heart.

When Mr. Morley came in, she went away to her bedroom, and I spoke to the old man, and told him all. He was a fiery man and an obstinate man, notwithstanding his many good points. At first he went into an awful rage, calling me all manner of traitors and serpents and knaves; refusing to listen to a single plea, and finally forbidding me ever to set foot within his doors again, or to hold with Ellen any correspondence either by word or letter. He fetched Ellen from her room, and tried to make her, in my presence, promise never more to hold any communication with me; but the brave girl, though she wept bitterly, refused to do that.

"I should break it, father; I should break it the first time I saw Richard," sobbed she; "and indeed I cannot marry Cousin Tom, for I hate him."

Mr. Morley threw upon me a withering look. "This is your doing, Richard Farquerson," said he bitterly; "this is the sort of requital you make to me who took you out of the streets.—You are a base ungrateful scoundrel, sir, and I wish never to see your face again," and much more to the same effect. Then to Ellen he said, "If you don't marry your cousin Tom Fletcher, while I live you shall with my consent marry no man; and if you marry without my consent, I will throw you off and have no more a daughter."

His voice sank at the last words, and Ellen clung weeping to his arm. "Don't say anything more, father; don't say hard things of Richard," cried she; "I never liked Tom. He does not care for me, and he would kill me soon, I know he would. Richard, can't you say something?"

To see her stretch out her hand to me, as if for help, threw the old man into a terrible fury. "Begone!" he exclaimed. "Out of my sight, hound—"

"Mr. Morley," said I very quietly, but in a way that checked his vituperation, "you will be sorry for this one day, but yet not half so sorry as you would have reason to be did you force Ellen to become Tom Fletcher's wife. But you will not force her; you will be true to me, Ellen, will you not?"

"Yes, yes, Richard; but go now."

And as my staying seemed only still more to infuriate her father, I reluctantly departed, sore enough and angry enough, as you may well imagine.

I tried to see Ellen the next day and the next after that, but was always refused admittance; I wrote, but my letters were returned to me unread, so that I knew they had never reached darling's hands. At last I found out that [illegible] had left town; but where she was gone was a mystery. Four months elapsed, and I was still in the dark about her, and very wretched [illegible] times, when one night the post brought me a very tiny billet written in pencil: "Have patience, dear Richard; I know how you have sought me, and am ever your faithful N[illegible] was every word it contained. But that was precious. The post-mark outside was "Dawlish," and off to Dawlish I went, and moped on the sands morning after morning for a week; never caught a glimpse of my Nellie; and supposed they were gone away again from there and returned to London.

I met Tom Fletcher a few days afterwards, from the sullen bang-dog look he gave me knew he had received his final dismissal from Ellen; and that was some comfort to think of, where there was so little else that was cheering.

It was not until six months, or rather after the fiery scene in Great Walton Street, Nellie and I saw each other again, and then across from opposite sides of a crowded [illegible] room. Mr. Morley was beside his daughter, though I got as near to them as I could, [illegible] no speech of her. I thought she looked [illegible] graver, but prettier than ever. The next day I risked another letter, which got into her hands, and she sent me a reply.

"You may write to me openly, my dear Richard," she said, in one part of it, "for though my father is as firm against you, as ever, I have told him my resolve, [illegible] 'You may take your own way, Nellie, to a certain extent, but marry anybody but your cousin Tom you never shall;' so we must live in hope of better days, dear."

Bless her kind heart! that "hope of better days" made me quite my own man again; and I went to work in my commercial concerns with vigor and spirit that prospered well. There was just at that juncture fine openings for enterprise in the Australian trade, and I took a very successful advantage of them. I used to say to myself, "My Nellie is my good fortune," and so she has been all my life through since the moment her father took me out of the breakers.

CHAPTER VII.

For the next two years I progressed steadily; but Tom Fletcher, who had a larger capital to work with, made several splendid speculations. I knew how proud of him Mr. Morley would be, and how his praises would sound in my Nelly's ears. Experienced people spoke of Tom as a rising and most fortunate man; and the firm of "Morley & Fletcher" was of the highest standing in the commercial world. But unhappily Tom grew top-heavy in the bewilderment of his successes, and was smitten with the dangerous and seductive ambition of building up a colossal fortune in no time. He took into his foolish head of his having been born under a lucky star, and predestined to immense wealth. I have been told, that he thought nothing in which he embarked could fail; and that he was in the habit of encouraging timid speculators to join in a hazardous scheme, by saying, with infatuated assurance: "Throw your doubts to the winds. Why, *I* am in it; the thing *must* succeed." But Tom's lucky star turned out a treacherous Will-o'-the-Wisp, which led him considerably out of his depth, and sunk him in irremediable quagmires of difficulty. The whole city was electrified one fine morning to hear that "Morley & Fletcher" were in the *Gazette*. Their liabilities were enormous, and several smaller firms fell with them. Tom had been in much too great haste to get rich to be careful of his own means; and several disgraceful transactions came out in the examinations before the court. Mr. Morley was heart-broken; this close to a long and honorable [illegible] this assassination of his good name and [illegible] almost killed him. Nellie wrote to me in distress, and begged my help, which was only too glad to give. But nothing out of the wreck; Tom Fletcher was [illegible] and Mr. Morley had nothing left but [illegible] fortune, which had been settled on his [illegible] They left the house in Great Walton Street, therefore, and went to reside at a small cottage at some miles from London, near Richmond.

One might have thought that this catastrophe would have opened Mr. Morley's eyes [illegible] Fletcher's misconduct; but instead of that, he only seemed more than ever bound [illegible] to his interests. This was the period of [illegible] nia; and Tom turned share [illegible] natural genius for gambling, [illegible] sands one day and his sons of [illegible] and has said since that at one [illegible] know what he was worth. [illegible] was bitten by the popular fre[illegible], but not until the bubble was on the p[illegible] drew Nellie's little fortune out [illegible] hands, and entrusted it to Tom to double [illegible] Tom, awful that the golden day was at an end, and having realized nothing out of his speculative gains, took possession of his poor old uncle's money, and decamped. This was the cruellest blow of all; but no pursuit was made after him. Mr. Morley only said:

"Let the graceless scoundrel go! He is my sister's son!" and he escaped [illegible]

CHAPTER VIII.

My Nellie was a gem. [illegible] to think I might wish to br[illegible] ment, as some would have [illegible] perfect confidence in me, and [illegible]

"Dear Richard, you are my only hope; will you come to me? My poor father is almost mad, and I know not on which hand to turn. But you will not fail me, will you, Richard?"

Directly I got that pitiful little letter, I posted off to Woodside, where they were living, glad in my heart, I believe, that they had only me to look to.

I met them walking in the sunshine on the road outside their garden. Nellie's arm supported her father, whose bent head and uncertain gait betrayed how terribly he had been shaken by recent disasters. I saw them some minutes before they saw me, and had time to observe Nellie's face, which, pale though it was, showed no traces of anxiety. I cannot tell you how proud I felt to know what a sincere faith she had in me; and seeing it so happily expressed in the midst of real troubles was better than all. When she saw me coming towards them hastily, a brilliant color flew into her face, and she put out her hand long before I was within reach, as if, dear soul! she were catching at a forlorn hope.

"I knew you would come, Richard," said she; and then to her father: "Father, here is Richard Farquerson come to see you, and to ask after your health."

My kind old benefactor lifted up his face, and held out a trembling hand.

"I am very glad to make your acquaintance, sir," said he. "It is a fine morning out in the fields. My daughter and I are breathing the air for the first time to-day. Have you walked far?"

"It is Richard Farquerson, father," reiterated Nellie, slightly raising her voice. "An *old* friend, dear, not a new one."

"Richard Farquerson, is it? I remember his face. There are great changes, sir, since then. Nellie, go home, Nellie; perhaps Mr. Farquerson would like to sit down and rest a short time." He mumbled his words indistinctly, and his thoughts seemed all astray. I was most painfully shocked to see this fine mind so unstrung, and to see Ellen's eyes fill with tears as she listened to him. We turned back, and all entered the house together. Ellen led the way to a little room overlooking the garden, and Mr. Morley sank down in a great chair by the window. As I placed my hat, he looked at me earnestly, and a dull red suffused his face. He remembered me then, and appeared embarrassed; but suddenly striking at another idea, he said, in his strong voice:

"You know my nephew, Tom Fletcher, my sister Rosie's son? Well, sir, he has robbed his poor old uncle! He has taken his last penny, and left him to starve with his daughter."

"So long as I live, Mr. Morley," said I.

Nellie came and stood by me; she was very much trembled excessively.

"Listen to Richard, father," said she.

But then I spoke, and asked him to give me Ellen. The old man began to cry.

"Don't, sir, sir, don't; you break my heart," he sobbed, "my dear girl. Look at Richard, and speak to him."

"Would you have believed it of Tom Fletcher, that I love that lad as if he had been my own brother? I did, indeed, sir."

"Let me be your son, Mr. Morley; let me pay you back one tithe of the great debt I owe you."

"Ellen has not a sixpence, Richard Farquerson."

"I was only too glad to take her as there she stood, clad in her simple cotton gown, and her own maiden beauty. I drew her to my side and put my arm round her; while she leant her face on my shoulder—to hide the tears that would come. When Mr. Morley saw us standing thus, he understood all.

"She is a good girl, Richard Farquerson; mind you use her well," said he, tremulously. "If I have said anything harsh before, I beg your pardon, heartily, sir. I was mistaken; I was deceived."

"Don't say another word; this moment cancels all," cried I.

And so Nellie and I were married; and she has been to me for nearly ten years the best, truest, kindest wife that ever man had. Mr. Morley lived with us long enough to see four of them about his knees; and then died in his daughter's arms very happily and contentedly, as you all know. And that is all I can tell you of my fortune, children.

LINES,

From Mrs. Browning's New Work, "Aurora Leigh."

"Women know
The way to rear up children, (to be just;)
They know a simple, merry, tender knack
Of tying sashes, fitting baby-shoes,
And stringing pretty words that make no sense,
And kissing full sense into empty words;
Which things are corals to cut life upon,
Although such trifles: children learn by such,
Love's holy earnest in a pretty play.
And get not over-early solemnized.—
But seeing, as in a rosebush, Love's Divine,
Which buries and buries with a single bloom,—
Because sweet and unafraid of Love.
Such good do mothers. Fathers love as well—
Mine did, I know,—but still with heavier brains,
And wills more consciously responsible,
And not so wisely, since less foolishly."

CHILD PERCEPTION.—In the town of B——, in this state, the pulpit of a clergyman who was ill, was supplied" by a neighboring minister. It happened to be "Communion-Day," and the latter was astonished to have that pedal malformation commonly known as a "club-foot." While administering the Sacrament, this fact was noticed by a bright-eyed little boy; and when he got home, he asked his mother:

"Mother, was that the Devil, who preached to-day?"

"Why no, my child; what do you mean? He was Mr. ——."

"Now, mother, it was the Devil, because I saw his cloven foot, two or three times, sticking out from the Bible!"

The mother, for individualizing Satan, "explained" to the minds of children, the little boy's brother, a year younger than himself, when his mother was trying to explain, one Sunday that sinners "must be born again," replied to her with:

"I don't want to be born again, mother," "Why not, my boy?" asked the mother. "Cause I s'pose I should be *a girl*, and I don't want to be a girl!"—*Knickerbocker*.

PAID IN HIS OWN COIN.—George the Third, speaking to Hutton, the Moravian missionary, said: "Mr. Hutton, I am told that you Moravians have not your own wives, but leave it to others to choose for you—is it so?" "Please your Majesty; marriages among us are contracted, as your Majesty knows, *in the fashion of Royalty*."

It seems will have it, that several of the species were of the finny tribe, and are said to have been encased in

A POLITICIAN OF THE OLDEN TIME.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The race of men whose characters developed themselves during the Revolution, and in the stirring political scenes which succeeded that struggle, has passed away. The few who yet linger, are but the exceptions to the general rule. They were a race peculiarly fitted for the times—each in himself a study—a character.

Of all these "characters," the "Great West," which then had its farthest limit on the eastern bank of the river Ohio, but which, since

"Westward the course of empire took its way,"

has now a beginning somewhere on the sands of the Pacific, and an ending at sundown furnished the most unique. When younger than now, oft have we loved to linger over the stirring legends—political and sanguinary—of these men, and in later life, equally we loved to make them our study, drawing alike instruction and amusement from the narrative and the men.

The last specimen of that by-gone race was, in some respects, a prototype of Gen. Ogle, immortalized in "Putnam," yet he out-generalled the General, just as some of our prominent politicians are now trying to out Herod Herod.

In his prime, Col. Jackson must have borne a person of manly beauty. His form was colossal. Born of poor parents, his early education, save with the rifle, was sadly neglected. In the days when Washington surveyed the lands of others for a living, he hired our hero for a chain carrier; but finding his ride almost equal to that of Cooper's "Leather Stocking," he promoted him to the more important station of a hunter, whose care was to procure venison for the party. Subsequently he attached himself to the army of Gen. Clarke, and as a scout, did his duty so as to entitle him to the praise of his commanding officer.

By frugality and industry, Col. Jackson became possessed of a large landed property near Clarksburgh, Virginia, and in the wilds of Ohio. By his activity in repelling the incursions of the savages, and the protection he afforded to the frontier settlements, he was appointed Colonel of a Militia Regiment, and about the commencement of the present century, was elected to represent the Clarksburgh district in Congress.

The fortunes of the Colonel were cast with the Democratic party. While in Congress, he heard the charge made against Mr. Jefferson of not only holding French politics, but of opening French manners. This latter charge, the Colonel believed, and hence, as a good Jefferson Democrat, he held himself bound to follow suit, and no French dancing master ever tried to carry French politeness farther than did our newly-fledged member of Congress.

The Colonel fancied himself an orator. He had made speeches to the voters of his district; and his election over a popular Federal orator, he deemed proof of his talent. His efforts in Congress are not preserved in full, and the world has doubtless lost much. His last speech closed his Congressional career, in this wise:

The Colonel had made a speech, and was listened to with that attention which rude oratory, accompanied with strong, yet uncultivated native intellect is always sure to command. In reply, a member charged that the gentleman from Virginia, had taken but a microscopic view of the subject. Here was a chance for a rejoinder. The Colonel had never heard the word "*microscopic*" before—it was a big word, and treasuring it up, he rose to reply, but strange to say, either from imperfect hearing, or from want of memory, the sound was lost, and thus he spake:

"Mr. Speaker—Sir: The honorable gentleman who has just spoken, says I took a *necromantic* view of the subject—"

The speech was never finished. Roars of laughter, not to be restrained by the hammer of the presiding officer, told the Colonel most plainly that he had made a mistake. Deeply chagrined, he attempted to go on, but it was no go, and he sunk to his seat. When an injudicious friend explained to him the error into which he had fallen, his sensitive mind determined that he would not remain in a position where his want of early education would ever lay him open to similar mistakes. He promptly informed his friends of his intention to resign. The Republican members were alarmed—they feared a Federalist might succeed him. At the opening of Congress, the Republican majority was but small—the contest between Mr. Jefferson and Col. Burr for the Presidency, just then decided, had alienated that portion of the party that Burr could control, and it was feared that the union of the Federal party with the friends of the then Vice President, would result in an anti-Jeffersonian majority in the coming Congress. The Clarksburgh district was at best a doubtful one, but it was thought the Colonel could carry it, while against any one else, the Federal candidate would succeed. These arguments were used—his friends entreated—Mr. Jefferson himself appealed, but so far in vain, that the Colonel, as Congress was nearly at an end, would hold on, yet he would not be a candidate for re-election.

"Then," said Mr. Jefferson, "a Federalist will succeed you."

"No, sir, Mr. President," responded the Colonel. "I will send my son John G. Jackson, sir, in my place, and begging your pardon, Mr. President, I'll be d——d, sir, if any man can laugh at him, sir!"

The Colonel was told that his son could not succeed, but he hooted at the idea, and remained inflexible in his determination.

Upon the breaking up of Congress, and the return of the Colonel to his home, he told his son John G. Jackson, then one of the most promising young lawyers in Virginia, to canvass the district for Congress. John, nothing loath, did so. The Wilson family, the rivals of the Jacksons—with as much political and personal bitterness as distinguished the Montagues and the Capulets, started the head of the family as the rival candidate—the same Wilson that the Colonel had beaten two years before. The contending parties, after an active canvass, found the election in two of the counties fixed on the same day—the day set apart for this purpose being the first day of Court. The counties being in separate Judicial Districts, it was found impossible for the candidates to be at both elections, so the Colonel resolved to personate (as it is called in Virginia) his son John at the election in Wood county. On his arrival the evening before the election, at Parkersburgh, the county town, he found Wilson, his son's opponent, had just arrived. During the morning, the "free and independent voters" of that precinct arrived, and as the Colonel could out shoot, throw down, and drag out any man on the ground, and as he had secured the only barrel of whiskey to be had, the voters deeming that the son of such a father, must be the very man to send to Congress, were almost unanimous in his favor. The time for opening the polls arrived. Wilson had seated himself in a chair on the Judges stand, leaving a vacant one for the Colonel, who soon

THE CELL OF BARON POERIO.

[SEE ARTICLE.]

arrived, and was helped to his seat—the smell of the liquor having slightly impaired the steadiness of his gait. The Sheriff took his stand, and in a loud voice made the inquiry of a gangling native, who presented himself: "For whom do you vote for Congress?" "For John G. Jackson," was the reply. In a moment the Colonel was on his feet—his blandest smile in requisition, and waving his hat before him with one hand, while he steadied himself by holding to the desk with the other, with the lowest of bows, he said: "Sir, in the name of my son, John G. Jackson, sir, I thank you." Another and another, until some five or six voted for Jackson, all of whom received the same bow and thanks, when a brawny six footer, whose vote the Colonel supposed would be all right, presented himself. "For whom do you vote?" said the Sheriff. The smile was on the face of the Colonel—already was he half raised to thank the voter, when the reply came, "*I vote for Wilson!*" For a moment, and but for a moment, the Colonel was taken aback. Wilson attempted to rise, in order to thank his voter, but the Colonel was ahead of him. The scowl had passed from his brow, and was succeeded by a look of ultra dignity—the hat was again waved, the bow was again made, as the Colonel, with fearful emphasis, addressed the voter: "*Sir*, in the name of my son, JOHN G. JACKSON, sir, *G— d— you!*" The shout that went up was almost terrific. It took with the rude and uncultivated, yet honest hearted men around, the more especially as the voter, for some sin of commission or of omission, was under the ban, and the tide for Jackson ran the stronger for this episode. Poor Wilson was thunderstruck—he knew not which way to look or what to do. His voter, during the shouts of the audience, left town, for his own home.

During the day, the many who voted to please the Colonel, were thanked with his usual grace, while the few who voted for Wilson, received "in the name of my son, John G. Jackson, sir," the emphatic accompaniment given to the Colonel's address to the first of Wilson's voters. The majority for Jackson in Wood county was large, and it secured his election in the District. It may not be out of place here to say, that his career in Congress was a splendid one, and although he died at an early age, already was he named as the most talented of Virginia's sons.

Soon after the election of his son as his successor in Congress, the Colonel moved to Ohio, where his wild lands were situated, and settled at Zanesville. Soon after, the fact that he had been a member of Congress, pointed him out to the people there as the man to properly represent them in the State Legislature during the next session, before which body some local measure of interest to the people of the Muskingum Valley was to be urged. The Colonel was elected, and a scene which occurred during the session, it was said, did much to render successful the local project which led to his election.

The *lapsus linguæ* of the Colonel, which, by raising the laugh against him, had driven the veteran from Congress, had become a standing joke among the members of the Legislature, which then held its sessions at Chillicothe, and a plan was matured to play off the same game. The chief concoctor of the plot, was one who made frequent boast of his courage, and among the circle of his worshippers, was looked upon as a fire-eater. His part of the play was to draw the Colonel into a debate, and to raise a laugh against him by allusions which could not be mistaken. His partisans were then to laugh the reply of the Colonel down. The night preceding the day on which the farce was to be enacted, the Colonel had a hint of what was to take place, and made his preparations accordingly.

The Legislature met, and after the usual morning business, the order of the day was reached, and the bill of the Colonel, which he had drawn up with much care, was considered in Committee of the Whole. Some expression, not according to Lindley Murray, was taken advantage of by the Colonel's opponent, and he criticised it severely. He spoke of the Honorable member as one whose great fame had preceded him—as one who had represented a portion of the great State of Virginia in the Congress of the nation, and who had left that dignified body in contempt, because the members were so ignorant as not to know that the terms "*necromantic*" and "*microscopic*," were identical in sound and in meaning. At this witticism, as per arrangement, the friends of the speaker raised the shout, and despite the hammer of the presiding officer, the crowded gallery took it up, and it was some minutes before order was restored. The Colonel sat cool and undaunted, his very coolness showing the close observer that he felt secure of victory. He rose with arms folded in his old plaid cloak, to reply. In low, yet fearfully distinct tones, he commenced his reply:

"Mr. Chairman, Sir: I heard that this speech, sir, was to be made, and, sir, it has been made. The only reply which I, sir, as an honorable man, can make in relation to the speech and to the man that made it, sir, is an argument which I have at my *finger's end* (throwing back his cloak and showing the butt of a *duelling pistol* in the side pocket of his coat, and which his hand grasped,) but, sir, Mr. Chairman, *that* argument must be addressed to that gentleman elsewhere, sir!"

The reply of the old Colonel fell upon the hapless wight who brought it upon himself, with stunning violence—on the audience it acted like a shock of electricity. All seemed aghast, and each to the other looked for some means of averting the catastrophe. Suddenly the member who offered the insult arose and assured the House, and particularly the Honorable gentleman, that an intention to offend him was the farthest from his thoughts, and he proceeded to apologize in the amplest manner, and in the most approved form. The matter finally dropped, but from that time the argument at the finger's end of Colonel Jackson prevented any one offering him an insult.

Although sensitive in a high degree, the Colonel could take a joke, and profit by it, too, as well as any other man. In the contest for President in 1824, the Colonel, as a Western man, avowed a preference for Mr. Clay, and was opposed to the Congressional caucus which nominated Mr. Crawford. That nomination found the people of the Muskingum Valley divided on the four candidates, Adams, Jackson, Clay and Crawford. A meeting of the people of the county was called, in order to endorse the nomination or to reject it. The prominent friends of the other candidates coalesced against Mr Crawford, and agreed to defeat, if possible, an expression in his favor.—Each side prepared resolutions in advance, and the day found the Court House crowded with men from all parts of the county, and from the then borough of Zanesville. It was the first political meeting held for many years, and curiosity attracted a large crowd of boys. As one of the more respected citizens, and as Mayor of the village where the meeting was held, Colonel Jackson was called upon to preside as its Chairman. The moment the Secretary was chosen, an opponent of the nomination of Mr. Crawford presented a series of resolutions, which were debated at some length. A division of the question was demanded, and it turned upon the adoption of the first resolution. In his pronunciation of the parliamentary word *aye*, the Colonel, in taking upon himself French manners, called it *oui* (*we.*) He stated the question, and said:

"Gentlemen, those in favor of the adoption of the first resolution, will please say, *oui*."

While acting as Mayor of the village, the Colonel had rendered himself obnoxious to the village urchins, and several of those present catching the French pronunciation of an English word, while others were voting, shouted "*we!*" The quick ear of the Colonel caught the sound and he resolved to turn the mimicry of the boys to a good account. After declaring (as it certainly was, from the sound,) the first resolution carried, he proceeded to state the question on the adoption of the second resolution, giving the *oui* a still broader sound. From every part of the Court House the shrill voices of the rising generation were heard, and mingled with the stern aye of the anti-Crawford men, the vociferous *we-e-s* of the boys, made the majority large.—Every resolution was thus passed, and the Crawford men found the voices of the meeting against them. No man enjoyed the joke more than the Colonel, and "many a time and oft" have the fat sides of the old gentleman shaken at the way he used the boys, and took advantage of their mistakes.

In 1828, the Colonel had abandoned Mr. Clay, because he voted for John Quincy Adams, who was the son of his father; and as a consequence, he went for his great name-sake, the hero of New Orleans, and for him he battled most faithfully.

One day during that campaign, as the Colonel was dwelling at great length on the services, civil and military, of General Jackson, an old friend remarked:

"Colonel, you must have been in Congress with General Jackson, while he was a delegate from Tennessee?"

"Why, yes, Squire," drawled out the Colonel, "I was."

"Well, what did you think of him, then?"

"Why, to tell the truth, Squire, sir," said the Colonel, a flush crimsoning his cheek, "I knew but little about him. The truth is, sir, he was nothing then, but plain Mr. Jackson, distinguished for having fought only one duel—while I, sir, was COLONEL *Jackson*, and had fought two duels, sir; and, sir, by ——, I thought myself above him!"

The Colonel has been dead for years. He sleeps upon the hill which overlooks the city which he had governed as a village; and the anecdotes here given, are yet told by those who loved and respected him in life, and in death regretted him.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

The combination of black and white lace for caps continues to be a favorite fashion. Caps thus formed are usually trimmed with colored ribbon, intermingled with black or colored velvet or flowers. A cap intended for plain evening costume has the crown, or middle part, formed of rows of black velvet and black lace. The curtain consists of three rows of white blonde of a very light pattern and indented at the edge. Loops and ends of mallow-color ribbon are intermingled with the blonde. Two rows of the same white blonde, set on in small fluted plaits, form the front of the cap. Under the upper row passes a strip of mallow-color ribbon, and the front trimming consists of bows of ribbon and loops of narrow black velvet. On one side there is a string or long flowing end of mallow-color ribbon, and on the opposite side a small lappet of blonde. Among the newest caps made up for evening dress may be mentioned one composed of black lace and white blonde. It is trimmed with a bandeau formed of groseille-color velvet and black lace, and a demi-wreath of poppies in groseille color velvet. On one side, a little inclining towards the back, are two long flowing ends of velvet of the same groseille tint as that employed in trimming the rest of the cap. Another very pretty cap of black and white blonde has been trimmed with white and pink roses. Two bands of bright green velvet are crossed over the upper part of the cap, and loops, with one long end, of the same velvet, are fixed on one side.

Several wreaths and head-dresses, of various kinds, suitable for ball and full evening costume, have just appeared. A wreath, presenting some novelty, is composed of pink roses, intermingled with loops and ends of narrow velvet of Sevres blue, and clusters of dark-blue berries. This wreath is flat and narrow where it crosses the upper part of the head; at the sides it is round; and at the back forms a *cache-peigne*. Another wreath consists of jonquills of the natural color, intermingled with clusters of purple berries. A *cache peigne*, composed of roses without leaves and ruches of white tulle, has two long ends of tulle drooping over the back of the neck. A very elegant head-dress consists of *bullionnes* of tulle illusion, roses with leaves, and a *barbe* of blonde.

In articles of jewelry, floral patterns and fanciful devices are much in favor. Some of the most elegant of the new ear-rings represent roses, marigolds, daisies, heartsease, &c., beautifully executed in jewels and gems. The heartsease is formed of sapphire, topaz, and diamonds; the rose of rubies and diamonds; the daisy of emeralds and diamonds; and the marigold of yellow topaz and pearls.

The new fabrics introduced for the winter season include some beautiful figured cashmeres.—They are in great variety, both as regards pattern and colors. *Robes de-chambre* are frequently made of this material, and lined with silk of a tint harmonising with the colors in the cashmere. They are confined at the waist by a silk cord and tassels.

No further novelty in the shape of cloaks has appeared beyond those we have previously mentioned. For *negligé* walking-costume, the cloaks most generally worn are of black, grey or brown cloth, trimmed with rows of velvet or braid.—*Lady's London Newspaper of Dec. 13th.*

NEW YEAR'S EVE.

BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

Little Gretchen! little Gretchen,
Wanders up and down the street;
The snow is on her yellow hair,
The frost is at her feet.

The rows of long dark houses
Without look cold and damp,
By the struggling of the moonbeam,
By the flicker of the lamp.

The clouds ride fast as horses,
The wind is from the North,
But no one cares for Gretchen,
And no one looketh forth.

Within those dark, dump houses
Are merry faces bright,
And happy hearts are watching out
The old year's latest night.

The board is spread with plenty,
Where the smiling kindred meet,
But the frost is on the pavement,
And the beggars in the street.

With the little box of matches
She could not sell all day,
And the thin, thin tattered mantle,
The wind blows every way.

She clingeth to the railing,
She shivers in the gloom—
There are parents sitting snugly
By firelight in the room;

And groups of busy children
Withdrawing just the tips
Of rosy fingers pressed in vain
Against their burning lips,

With grave and earnest faces
Are whispering each other
Of presents for the New Year, made
For father or for mother.

But no one talks to Gretchen,
And no one hears her speak;
No breath of little whisperers
Comes warmly to her cheek;

No little arms are round her;
Ah me! that there should be,
With so much happiness on earth,
So much of misery.

Sure they of many blessings
Should scatter blessings round,
As leaden boughs in Autumn fling
Their ripe fruits to the ground.

And the best love man can offer
To the God of love, be sure,
Is kindness to His little ones,
And bounty to His poor.

☞ The heat does not ascend as we rise above the earth, nearer to the sun, but decreases rapidly, until, beyond the regions of the atmosphere, in void, it is estimated that the cold is about 708 degrees below zero. The line of perpetual frost at the equator is 15,000 feet altitude; at 13,000 feet between the tropics; and from 9,000 to 4,000 feet between the latitudes of 48 and 58 degrees.

☞ STOP IT!—All the country papers, echoing the blunder of a city paper, persist in killing off Doctor Pusey. Stop it! The doctor is not dead. It was a mistake. *Hussey* is the name.

THE POLITICAL PRISONERS OF NAPLES.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

Every lover of his species had hoped that the attitude recently assumed by France and England would have had some effect in mitigating the sufferings of the numerous political prisoners now languishing in the dungeons of Nisida and other fortresses of Naples; but we hear of no such result; and the spies and police of Ferdinand Bomba, are as active as ever. Our readers perhaps have read of Baron Poerio and his sufferings, and a description of the treatment of this victim and his fellow-martyrs may not be uninteresting. The prisoners, four in number, are confined in a cell about twelve feet long, ten broad, and eight high; their beds are arranged so as to form a square; in the middle of the room is a large iron ring, to which are attached four heavy chains of two links, each link weighing seventeen pounds; these are fastened to the waist by a stong leather girdle, and are just long enough to allow them to sit on their couches, and to lie down. In addition to this each prisoner is loaded with fetters, fastened to this girdle, and reaching to the ankle, to which they are fastened by rivets. One would imagine that this was enough; but the unfortunate creatures are chained together in pairs. This extra chain is composed of eight heavy links. The dress consists of a red jacket of coarse woollen cloth, and trowsers of blue cloth of the same quality; the trowsers are made to button up the sides, so that they may be taken off without disturbing the girdle to which the chains are attached. Each prisoner is provided with a cap of the same coarse material. They are obliged to cook in the cell in which they are confined, and to provide what they can for their own warmth. The place is exceedingly damp, and the unfortunate prisoners have suffered dreadfully in health; they are allowed to see their friends for *half an hour each week* outside the cell, the rest of the time they are strictly confined within it; such is the fate of Baron Poerio, a man of the most amiable disposition, at one time the favorite Minister of Ferdinand. He has been confined with felons of the lowest class in this way for five years, and unless released by death, he is destined to suffer for twenty long, dreary years; then and then only will these chains be removed, for under no circumstances will they be taken off during the period assigned for his punishment. Glad should we be if we could point to this as a solitary instance of the cruelty of this worse than tyrant, or this wretch for whom so much consideration is shown by the two great powers of Europe, who calmly look on and refuse to enforce the stipulated terms by which they allow this monster to possess the throne he now occupies. It may be stated that the persecution against Poerio was further augmented by the King stopping the allowance which was at first made by his friends of ten scudi per month, and allowing him only to receive one carlino, or a penny per day, the allowance made to the commonest felon, thereby preventing him from the luxury of fire during his dismal confinement. This cell may be accepted as a fair specimen of those death pits which annually swallow up hundreds of the victims of Ferdinand's villainous spite. A strong constitution seldom lasts many years in these places of confinement, which are known by all Europe to be master-pieces of cruelty, but it is asserted, and with much apparent foundation, that it is but a select few who really know the intricate cruelties authorised by Neapolitan officials, who appear to have a perfectly irresponsible power committed to them, which they exercise in the most merciless manner. We cannot better describe this than by quoting the words of a contemporary:—"The cells in which these unfortunate victims are confined are so loathsome that the surgeons will not enter them, and the sick and half dead patient is made to toil upstairs to receive medical advice. The food allowed is also nauseous, and common felons are crammed with political offenders at night, to sleep as they can, in a low, dark, unventilated room. Judge Peronte was treated even worse, for he and two other men were kept for two months in an underground cell, eight feet square, and with one small grating, through which it was impossible to look out; nor were they allowed to leave the cell for any purpose whatever. Similarly the Baron Porcari was immured till his trial, in a dungeon twenty-four feet below the level of the sea. And but a few weeks ago I heard Captain Acutl declare that he had flogged uncondemned prisoners by order of the Government; yet such treatment is expressly forbidden by law. Now, it must be distinctly remembered that the victims selected for this terrible persecution are the middle class, the strength of the State; and, as few of them have independent property, and confiscations sometimes take place on arrest, each prisoner or refugee becomes to his friends the centre of a circle of misery. Out of one hundred and forty deputies who came to the Parliament at Naples, seventy six were in confinement or exile in 1851; and the rest only purchased liberty by absolute submission to the Royal will. On the other hand, the lazzaroni, the lowest class in the State, and probably in the world, are flattered and caressed, and were slipped like bloodhounds, in 1848, on their unfortunate countrymen. An occasional largess, and in great crisis the promise of plunder, suffices to repress their strength, or to arouse it when required on the side of the King; while those orders whose intelligence and moral force the Government not unnaturally dreads are specially thinned out and intimidated. A system like this is evidently suicidal, but it is nevertheless one which calls for the serious attention of all who have the power to abolish or restrain its excesses."

A letter has lately appeared in the *Times*, from the Secretary of the "Emancipation of Italy Fund Committee," showing the number of political executions in Italy, under General Filangieri, from July, 1848, to August, 1851, which amount to 1,600. What the number has now reached it is impossible to say, as no authentic account can be obtained from those whose duty and interest it is to conceal the iniquities perpetrated by them in the name, and with the sanction, of their master. Ferdinand relies upon his lazzaroni at present, but the time is not far distant when this most degraded of the human race will as eagerly thirst for his blood as they are now encouraged to do by him for that of his most worthy subjects. The last-named writer concludes with the remark, "If we think of the countless thousands of prisoners and exiles, exiled and imprisoned solely for their love of country and freedom, we may form some faint idea of the deathless determination of the Italians to win an Italy for themselves."

☞ "Ah, me!" said a pious lady, "our minister was a powerful preacher; for the short time he ministered the word among us, he kicked three pulpits to pieces, and banged the in'ards out of five Bibles!"

THE BRUSSELS CARPET.

A DOMESTIC SKETCH.

It was the prettiest scene imaginable. A little parlor, gayly and prettily furnished,—snowy curtains, bright carpet, nice prints; young husband at one side of the fire reading newspaper; young wife at the other sewing on shirt-buttons; tea-things on the table, and the brightest of bright brass-kettles singing merrily on the hob.

(Young wife speaks.)—"And so, Harry, you don't think my new carpet pretty, after all?"

"On the contrary, my love, I think it only too pretty."

"Too pretty! too pretty for what, Harry?"

"For us, my dear. Remember I am neither a lord nor a banker, but a man with an income to make."

"But it only costs as much as an ugly one, Harry!"

"Still, Lucy, it may do harm by leading to other things."

For some time nothing was heard in the little parlor but the click of Lucy's needle as it flew through the linen, and the singing of the kettle on the hob.

Presently Harry looked up.

"My dear," he said, "I forgot to tell you I met Robinson coming from the city. He promised to look in this evening; so if you have any little preparations to make, now is your time."

"At what hour do you expect him?" asked Lucy.

"About eight."

"In that case I shall have just time to make you a nice hot cake;" and laying down her work good humoredly, she tripped away to the kitchen.

When she was gone, Harry put away his paper, and looked somewhat penitently at the new carpet.

"It certainly is very pretty," said he to himself; "and I'm half-afraid I hurt Lucy by what I said. She's a dear, good, thoughtful girl, and worthy any man's confidence and love; but women are so easily led away to buy whatever strikes their fancy. They require our stronger judgment to guide them. Yes, I was right on the whole to give her that little lesson." And Harry returned with renewed self-satisfaction to his drowsy debate.

Eight o'clock strikes, and Lucy appears, preceded by a delicious odor of hot cake.

"There it is, Harry. Does it look nice?"

"Beautiful (like yourself!) and if it only tastes half as well as it smells, we shall have Robinson dropping into tea every other evening for the rest of his life."

"Flatterer. But your friend has not come yet. What sort of person is he? I hope he's not very fashionable."

Harry burst out laughing. "Oh, don't be afraid," said he; "he won't overpower you with his personal graces. He is long and lank; and his nose has a twist to one side, as if some one had tried, at some time or other, to wrench it off, and failed; but then he is the drollest fellow you ever saw in your life. Jones says he would make his fortune if he went on the stage."

"Was he not one of your party to Richmond the other day?" asked Lucy, as she arranged her bright tea-things and trimmed the lamp.

"Yes; and kept us in roars of laughter the whole day. He is a capital ventriloquist; and sent the waiters skipping about the house answering imaginary calls, until they thought the place was bewitched. Then at dinner, the fish asked what news from the river, and said it hadn't been there these five days; and the turkey grumbled about the stuffing. The melted-butter told us it was nothing but flour and water; and the ale revealed family secrets that would have made the landlady's hair stand on end if she had been there to hear. After dinner we went to stroll through the fields; and he bet Jones a sovereign he would sail across the river in my silk umbrella."

"In your umbrella!" exclaimed Lucy; "and could he win?"

"Of course he didn't, my dear. He lost both his balance and his bet; for the moment he put his foot in the umbrella down it went and with it; and the bank was so slippery, he was half-drowned before we could drag him up again."

"Was he frightened?" said Lucy.

"Not he," returned Harry. "The first thing he did was to make a face at us, with the water dripping from his crooked nose, that set us all off laughing again like madmen."

"What a strange man!" said Lucy, with a slight shade of apprehension in her tone.

"But that wasn't all," said Harry in the full tide of his reminiscence. "We had to give him some hot brandy-and-water to keep him from catching cold; and on the way home he insisted on driving; and charmed, I suppose, by his success in that attempt, wanted to get on the horse's back to imitate Franconi in *The Wild Courser of the Desert*. Jones got frightened, and tried to pull him back. He manfully resisted; and both looked so ridiculous, I could do nothing but laugh. That was rather an unlucky prank though," continued Harry; "for the horse, not being accustomed, I suppose, to equestrian feats, ran away, burst from the harness, and smashed one of the shafts; and I had to pay two pounds fourteen and tenpence for my share of the damage."

"And your silk umbrella," said Lucy,—"did you lose that too?"

"Yes indeed—seventeen and sixpence more, by Jove!" said Harry, with a sudden cessation of his smiles. "I did not think the day's pleasure had cost me so much."

"Besides the dinner," said Lucy.

"Besides the dinner; twelve shillings more."

"Well, I declare," said Lucy laughing and clapping her hands, "that is the drollest thing I ever knew. Two pounds fourteen and tenpence, and twelve shillings, make three pounds six and tenpence, and seventeen and sixpence, exactly four pounds four shillings and fourpence."

"Well?"

"Just the price of my Brussels carpet, and fourpence over."

"He—em!" said Harry.

EASY METHOD OF DETECTING SPURIOUS COIN.—A shopkeeper, residing in Deptford, appeared before the magistrate at the Greenwich Police Court as prosecutor in a case of "smashing," and in his evidence stated that, having taken a vast quantity of bad money, he had at length discovered a certain test for silver coin. It was his invariable custom, on receiving a doubtful piece, to rub it with blue vitriol stone, and then slightly wet it. The effect is immediately seen; for if the coin be spurious metal, it at once turns black, but if genuine there is no alteration in its appearance.—*English Paper.*

THE HUNDREDTH PSALM.—The long disputed question whether Purcell or Handel was the author of the grand music of the Old Hundredth, has been set at rest by a discovery made lately in Lincoln Cathedral library. Purcell died in 1695, and Handel in 1749. But in the Cathedral library a French psalter, printed in 1540, contains the music of the Old Hundredth, exactly as it is now sung, so that it could not be the production of either of the great musicians to whom it had been attributed.

DR. LIVINGSTONE'S DISCOVERIES IN AFRICA.—The discoveries of Dr. Livingstone in Africa are considered of great commercial value. He lived with a tribe of Bechuanas for eight years, and, in co-operation with Mr. Oswald, discovered Lake Ngami. He traced by himself the course of the great river Zambesi, in Eastern Africa, and extending two thousand miles.

This immense stream, whose discovery is the great fruit of the journey, is in itself an enigma without a parallel. But a small portion of its waters reach the seacoast. Like the Abyssinian Nile, it falls through a basaltic cleft, near the middle of its course, which reduces its breadth from 1000 to 20 yards. Above these falls it spreads out periodically into a great sea, filling hundreds of lateral channels; below it is a tranquil stream of a totally different character. Its mouths seem to be closing. The southernmost was navigable when the Portugese first arrived in the country, 300 years ago, but it has long since ceased to be practicable. The Quillimane mouth has of late years been impassable, even for a canoe, from July to February, and for 200 or 300 miles up the river navigation is never attempted in the dry season. And in this very month of July, when the lower portion of the river, after its April freshets, has sunk to a mere driblet, above the falls the river spreads out like a sea over hundreds of square miles. This, with frequent cataracts, and the hostility of the natives, would seem to be an effectual barrier to the high hopes of fat trade and filibustering in which English merchants and journals are now indulging.

During this unprecedented march, alone and among savages, to whom a white face was a miracle, Dr. Livingstone was compelled to struggle through indescribable hardships. The hostility of the natives he conquered by his intimate knowledge of their character and the Bechuana tongue, to which theirs is related. He waded rivers and slept in the spongo and ooze of marshes, being often so drenched as to be compelled to turn his armpit into a watch-pocket. His cattle were destroyed by the terrible tse-tse fly, and he was too poor to purchase a canoe. Lions were numerous, being worshipped by many of the tribes as the receptacles of the departed souls of their chiefs; dangerous, too, as his crushed arm testifies. However, he thinks the fear of African wild beasts greater in England than in Africa. Many of his documents were lost whilst crossing a river, in which he came near losing his life also, but he has memoranda of the latitudes and longitudes of a multitude of cities, towns, rivers and mountains, which will go far to fill up the "unknown region" in our atlases.

Toward the interior he found the country more fertile and more populous. The natives worshipped idols, believed in transmigrated existence after death, and performed religious ceremonies in groves and woods. They were less ferocious and suspicious than the seaboard tribes; had a tradition of the deluge and more settled governments. Some of them practised inoculation and used quinine, and all were eager for trade, being entirely dependent on English calico for clothing, a small piece of which would purchase a slave. Their language was sweet and expressive. Although their women, on the whole, were not well treated, a man having as many wives as he chose; they were complete mistresses of their own houses and gardens, which the husband dared not enter in his wife's absence. They were fond of show and glitter, and as much as $150 had been given for an English rifle. On the arid plateau of the interior water-melons supplied the place of water for some months of the year, as they do on the plains of Hungary in summer. A Quaker tribe, on the River Zanga, never fight, never have consumption, scrofula, hydrophobia, cholera, small pox, or measles. These advantages, however, are counterbalanced by the necessity of assiduous devotion to trade and raising children to make good their loss from the frequent inroads of their fighting neighbors.

INTERESTING TO THE SMITHS.—A domestic bomb-shell has recently scattered discord, if not desolation, about the quiet firesides of the many families rejoicing in the name of Smith in Birmingham. An advertisement appeared two days successively in the Birmingham Journal, addressed to "Mr. Smith, Birmingham," and calling upon that individual to pay the amount left due by him at the Opera Hotel, Bow street, Covent Garden, accompanied by the significant hint that if this were not done, speedy retribution would follow. "*This advertisement will be repeated*, and 'further particulars' given of the transaction."—The 'further particulars" evidently implied "*a lady is the case.*" and, *as every individual of the* hundred "Mr. Smiths of Birmingham" is a business man, and in the habit of frequently traveling up to London on "urgent business, my dear," at least one hundred Mrs. Smiths of Birmingham, were made first suspicious, and then miserable. No less than twelve Mr. Smiths wrote to settle the account rather than be worried, and four called in person two days after the advertisement; but the right Mr. Smith had remitted by return of post, and the initial of Mr. Smith of Birmingham still remains a painful but inscrutible mystery.

FIVE PERSONS FROZEN TO DEATH.—Five persons, a man, three women and a child, were frozen to death, near Monticello, Iowa, last Saturday night. They were returning from a neighbor's with a pair of horses and sleigh; they got off the road, and in crossing a hollow, the horses became detached from the sleigh and ran off—leaving the parties in snow from five to eight feet deep. The people not returning on Tuesday morning, the neighbors collected, and after a long search, the women and child were found in a willow thicket, covered with blankets, and with a large quantity of snow over them, all dead. The man was found, without his hat, frozen to death, about a quarter of a mile from the women, and within forty rods of his own house. Two other men were frozen in the same neighborhood, about the same time, while returning from church. The weather has been excessively cold in Iowa.—*St. Louis News, 29th ult.*

HIGH PRICES OF MEAT.—Every head of a family is feeling alive to the increased price of animal food. According to the statistics for ten consecutive years, in the Eastern and Middle States, while the population steadily augmented, the stock of cattle decreased nearly 8,500,000 head. In the States of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Kentucky and Missouri, there has been an increase of 7,500,000 head of stock, but the ratio of increase in people has been vastly greater. At the same time, the export of provisions was, in 1845–'46 inclusive, $110,621,000, and in 1855–'56 inclusive, $233,579,000. To account, then, for the high cost of provisions, we have an immense increase in population, a decrease in stock, and a vast increase in exportation.

COMMERCIAL.—The commercial news by the Asia which arrived at New York on the 12th, is as follows:

LIVERPOOL COTTON MARKET, Dec. 27th.—The Cotton Market continues firm. Manchester reports a steady market. Breadstuffs are steady. Wheat and Corn are slightly dearer—various circulars quote Wheat at an advance of 3d on the sack. Flour is quiet and generally unchanged. Corn is in improved demand at an advance of 6d/a1s.

Provisions.—The Provision market generally is very dull. Beef is dull and holders are pressing their stocks on the market. Pork is dull. Bacon is dull and 2s lower. Lard is dull at a decline of 4s6d.

Tallow is quiet. Sugar is dull and is lower. Common Rosin is steady. Spirits of Turpentine is steady.

London Money Market, Dec. 26.—The money market is unchanged; Consols for Account closed at 94¾/⅞.

A POISONOUS SNAKE.—A traveller in the interior of Africa, Charles L. Zeyher, gives an account, in Hooker's Journal of Botany, of a serpent which spits poison, known by the natives as *spugg-slang*, or spitting snake. This serpent is not rare, he says, in the south-western districts of Africa. It defends itself by throwing out very caustic acid, having the odor of formic acid, which is sure to blind a person if it touches the eyes. He gives an instance of one of his dogs which was poisoned by one of these snakes, and which recovered after having been forced to swallow a great amount of new milk.

THE OGRE NAPOLEON.—Thackeray says:—"When I first saw England, she was in mourning for the young Princess Charlotte, the hope of the Empire. I came from India as a child, and our ship touched at an island on the way home, where my black servant took me a walk over the rocks and hills till we had passed a garden, where we saw a man walking. 'That is he,' said the black man; 'that is Bonaparte: he eats three sheep every day, and all the children he can lay hands upon.'"

NEWS ITEMS.

THIS is the season for the annual hiring of slaves in Virginia, and the price demanded for a year's service is higher than ever before. Good adult slaves let for $120 to $200.

A LITTLE girl in Waterville, Ct., more than a year ago swallowed a needle, and on New Year's day it came out of her knee.

BARE SKINS AND FURS.—The editor of the Cynthiana (Ky.) Age, having recently attended a ball says, "We noticed a great variety of female costume at the last Bachelors' ball. Some of the ladies danced with warm fur capes made of otter or sable, while others had their necks and shoulders protected from the inclement season and gaze of the world by white *bare* skins, very beautiful."

RUNAWAY ARRESTED.—A wretched negro was arrested last Sunday week, in Carroll county, Md., as a runaway from Howard county. He had eaten nothing for three days, and his boots were frozen to his feet, from which they had to be cut with a knife.

AN UNSAFE PLACE.—Since the murder of two wardens in the Massachusetts State Prison, it is said that the Governor and Council have had an application from the mother of one of the convicts in the State Prison for the pardon of her son, on the ground that his life is in danger.—*Boston paper.*

GOOD SKATING.—The Lock Haven (Pa.) Democrat says that two students, from Lewisburg, took a trip to their home, in Clinton county, a few days ago, which they reached by skating on the canal, a distance of sixty miles, in six hours.

PROFITABLE COWS.—It is said that the dairymen of Lewis county, New York, have realized a profit of from $30 to $45 per cow during the past season.

SMALLPOX IN VERMONT.—The smallpox is prevailing to an alarming extent in Stowe, Vt., and all public gatherings are forbidden, and the schools are stopped; pest-houses have been provided, and the Congregational clergyman has gone to one of them to devote his services to the sick.

A CARPENTER lost his life in Saco, Me., on Saturday week, by falling through the scuttle thirty feet. He had previously worked in a powder mill, and just left it on account of the hazard to life.

CURE FOR SUICIDE.—A New York religious paper proposes (in view of the increasing mania for suicide) the enactment of a law, consigning to the schools of anatomy the body of every individual whom a coroner's jury shall find a verdict of *felo de se* against.

MRS. MYRA CLARKE GAINES has instituted another suit in the United States Circuit Court of Louisiana, against the city of New Orleans, H. E. Lamyre, Charles Hopkins, Domingo Lauria, and L. Lalland Ferrier, claiming forty arpents of land and a number of lots, all located in the city, and which defendants hold in possession, and are now the reputed owners of.

CLEVELAND, Jan. 8.—Horace Greeley, of the New York Tribune, has brought suit for libel against J. W. Gray, editor of the Cleveland Plaindealer, for articles published during and since the recent campaign, laying his damages at $10,000.

SINGULAR DESTRUCTION.—A lady left Newburg for New York, on the Erie road, on Tuesday, with some rich silk robes and fine laces in a carpet-bag, for the purpose of spending New Year. She hung it on a rack over her seat, near a ventilator, through which a spark from the locomotive entered, and falling into the bag, charred her clothing to tinder, in which condition it was found on reaching Jersey City. The company paid her $60 for her loss.

THE LAWS OF VIRGINIA require every man who marries to give security for the support of his wife and children. Many lovers, who find this inconvenient, go to Maryland to have the ceremony performed.

SUBMARINE TELEGRAPH FOR THE PERSIAN GULF.—The British Government have given their approval to the proposal for laying down a telegraph cable in the Persian Gulf, and by connecting it with that already laid down in the Mediterranean, placing the whole of Europe in direct communication with Asia. The project is still under consideration at the East India House.

THE NEW MARRIAGE LAW, which has just been passed in Austria, recognizes the marriage of a boy of 14 with a girl of 12 as valid, "but the parties are to be separated until they are of age."

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKET, JAN. 12.

There has been a fair supply of Beef Cattle at the different yards this week—the receipts, in all, sum up about 1260 head, mostly of good quality, the demand was moderate, and the sales generally were much under the range of $9a10 the 100 lbs, with an occasional lot at 10a10c more for extra quality.

Among the sales were the following:

90	Virginia, by John Todd, at		$9a10
140	" by E. Saddlecridge, at		9 a10
70	Pennsylvania, by Kirk & Kimball, at		9a10
75	" by Hathaway & McPhillan, at		9a10
45	" by Kimball & Haines, at		9a10
30	" by Cochran & McCall, at		10 a10½
30	" by W. Alexander, at		9a10
62	" by Chancellor & Meehem,		9a10
40	" by Holmes, at		9a10
50	" by Mcgrath & Wood, at		9a10
95	" by A. Rittenkaugh, at		9a10
65	" by Abrams & Hockman, at		9a10
62	" by B. Vanier, at		9 a 10
60	" by A. Kennedy, at		9a10

Cows and Calves.—The demands has fallen off, and about 200 were offered, which only sold at from $30 to $55 for Fresh Cows; $25 to $35 for Springers, and $15 to $18 for Dry Cows.

Hogs were lively. Some 3000 were at Sanger's Yard and all sold at from 7½c to 8½c per lb.

The Supply of Sheep was better, and about 4000 were offered at from $2,50 to $5, with some of extra quality at $6a7 each, according to condition.

NEW YORK MARKET, JAN. 10.

ASHES—The market is quiet for Pots at 7.37½. Pearls are steady at $7.87½a8; Saleratus firm at 8c.

FLOUR—The improvement in the low grades of Western Canal Flour, noticed yesterday, is fully sustained to-day, and on some grades a further advance is obtained, with more doing for export, and a active speculative inquiry at the close. The better grades are held with more firmness, but are not materially higher. The sales are 7400 bbls at $6.25a6.35 for common to good State, $6.30a6.75 for extra State, $6.70a6.80 for superfine Indiana and Iowa, $6.75a6.95 for common to fair extra Ohio, $6.85a7 for fair to choice extra Ohio, $6.80a7.70 for St. Louis brands, and $7.40a8.50 for extra Genesee.

Canadian Flour is held with much firmness, the supply is moderate. Sales 300 bbls. at $6.40a6.55 for superfine and $6.85a7.80 for extra brands. Southern Flour is a shade better, the arrivals are moderate. The sales are 200 bbls. at $6.85a7.25 for mixed to good brands (baltimore, &c., and $7.30a8 for fancy and extra brands. Rye Flour is quite firm at $5.30a5.35. Corn Meal steady; moderate sales at $3.10a3.25 for Jersey, and $3.75 for Brandywine; store, and $3.70a3.80 for Punchcons. Buckwheat Flour is firm and saleable at $2.12½a2.25 per bbl.

GRAIN—Holders of Wheat are firm. There is little offering and the business is limited. The sales are 9400 bus common white Southern at 178a178c, and 400 bus good white Missouri at 178c. Rye is firm at 94a95c for Northern, and 89c for common brought 87c. Barley is firm. Sales of 4000 bus inferior Canadian at 100c. Barley Malt is firm at 142a145c. Oats are in fair demand at 47½a48c for State, and 46a48c for Southern. Corn is held to higher, with small sales at 68a71c for Western mixed in store and delivered; 70c for new Southern white; 74a75c for old white and yellow, and 75c for old prime yellow. White Beans are in good request at 197½a205 per bus. Canadian Peas are selling at 90a102c, which is lower.

COTTON—The market has declined 1c, and been dull. The sales are reported at 800 bales.

COFFEE—There is very little transpiring; prices rule uniform. The stock of Rio is 70,000 bags. The sales are 93 bags Rio at 10½, and 570 mats Java at 14c.

SUGARS—Continues very firm. The transmds to-day has been limited by the stormy weather. Sales of 300 hhds. Cuba at 9½c, and 300 boxes Havana at 10c.

MOLASSES—Very little is doing; prices are firm. Sales of 30 hhds New Orleans, to arrive, at 38c.

HIDES—Are very firm, and a good inquiry prevails; the transactions, however, are few, owing to the reduced supply, now and coming over.

LEATHER—The demand continues good at full prices. The stock of Hemlock and Oak is very small.

WHISKEY—The market is quiet with liberal offerings; sales of 250 bbls and Ohio and Prices at 25c.

PROVISIONS—The market is irregular for Pork, the arrivals are fair, the demand moderate; sales of 100 bbls at 9½ for new Mess; 10.12½a10.18¾ for old Mess, and $12a17.25 for new Prime; new held higher. Beef is held with increased firmness, and arrives sparingly; the demand is good; sales of 650 bbls at $7.25a8.50 for new Prime; $9a12.50 for Country Mess and old repacked Western Mess, and $14.75a15 for new repacked Chicago, and $18.50 sold for extra do. Prime Mess is firmly held at $14.25. Lard is quiet. Bacon is dull and lower, the demand active; sales of 300 bxs long Middles, rib in, at New Orleans, at 10c; 5.0 boxes short do, and 200 boxes long do do, to arrive in 20 days at Baltimore, at 10½, and 250 boxes long Middles, as the spot, at 10¾c. Cut meats are firmer and in good demand; sales of 600 bbls and tcs at 9½c/g for Hams, and 7½c/g for Shoulders, and is steady, but not active; sales of 400 bbls and tcs at 12¾a12½.

Jan. 11.—Flour is advancing; 4000 bbls sold. State $6.35a6.40; Southern $7a7.25. Wheat is advancing; 3000 bus sold. Corn is also advancing, with sales of 8000 bus; mixed 72c, yellow 75. Pork is buoyant at $18.25. Beef firm at $15. Lard is dull at 12½c. Whiskey is easier at 25½.

BALTIMORE MARKET, JAN. 10.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—Howard street—The market was active at the closing quotations of yesterday. We have to note sales of 1200 bbls super at $6.37½, at which figure the market closed dull.

City Mills.—We have no transactions to report in City Mills super. Buyers were freely offering $6.75 cash, but the millers were firm in asking $6.87½. The market, consequently, closed dull.

Family and Extra Flour.—We have no sales to note. We quote nominally Howard street and Ohio extra at $6.75a6.75; family do $7.25 @ bbl; Baltimore extra $7; family do $7 @ bbl.

Rye Flour.—We have no sales to note. We quote Rye Flour at $4.25 @ bbl and dull.

GRAIN AND SEEDS.—Wheat.—The market was quiet, and we have no change to note. The receipts of Wheat were exceedingly light, there being only about 400 bush offered, and we quote white nominally at 140a150c for fair to good. Red 130a135c.

Corn Meal.—We have no sales to note. We continue to quote City Meal at $3.37½ @ bbl; country do $3 @ bbl, and dull & sale.

Corn.—The receipts of Corn were very light, prices, however, remained unchanged. There were about 3000 bus offered, and sales of white at 70a72c, yellow 72a75c.

Oats.—There was a fair inquiry for Oats and prices remain steady. There were 1500 bus offered, and sales were made at 40a41c.

Rye.—There were 300 bus offered, and sales of Maryland at 90c. Pennsylvania 95a96c.

Seeds.—We have no transactions to note. We quote Clover seed at $7a7.25. Timothy $2a2.50. Flaxseed $1.60a1.65 @ bush.

Also, three cars Corn and Western mixed on private terms. Sales of red Wheat at 140a150c, white Wheat 150a160c.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

OFFICE OF THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, January 13, 1857.

Business opens sluggishly, owing in some measure to the extreme cold weather, and the operations of the past week have been confined to a limited scale. Bank is scarce and wanted at an advance. Breadstuffs have been in better demand, and Flour has risen with more firmness, but for Rye Flour, Wheat and Corn, lower prices have been conceded to effect sales, however, at the above rates. Coal is in steady demand for home consumption, but shipments have been suspended for the present. Cotton, Sugar and Molasses are held quite firmly, but there has been very little doing. Coffee has been in moderate demand at full rates. The stock of Mackerel is very much reduced and prices are firmer. In Fruit no change. Hemp and Hides are quiet. The Iron market is more active and prices are steady, except for Boiler Plate, which have advanced.—Leather is in good demand at full rates. Oils are quiet. Plaster is very scarce. Provisions are held firmly, but there is very little stock here to operate in. Canvassed continues to meet a fair inquiry at last week's quotations. Tallow is unchanged. Tobacco and Wool are held firmly, and for the latter goods have been put up by their prices. In Dry Goods there is not much doing, for yet, in the Jobbing line, but the Commission Houses have been more busy this week with their Southern and Western buyers who are taking hold quite freely in anticipation of a further advance. All descriptions of Cotton and Woollen Goods both Foreign and Domestic keep well sold up and prices are pressing upward. Wants of new styles are full as higher than at the opening of business last year.

BREADSTUFFS.—The receipts of Flour have been small, and the demand having increased both for export and home consumption, the market closed with a firmer feeling; the sales for shipment comprise 2,000 bbls at $6.50a6.75 @ bbl for mixed and straight brands; $6.62½a6.50 for Cumberland county, Ohio, and other good brands; $6.75a7 for extra, and $6.75a7.25 for family and fancy brands. The sales for the supply of the retail trade and bakers have been within the range of the same quotations for common and extra family brands, and $7 to 8 for fancy lots. Rye Flour has met a limited inquiry, and prices are lower; 200 bbls sold at $5.12½. Corn Meal has been dull; small sales of Penna at $3.25a3.37½ @ bbl.

The inspections of Flour and Meal for the quarter ending Dec. 31, 1856, were as follows:

Barrels Superfine Flour,	213,484
" " Fine "	7994
" " Condemned "	1118
" " Rye "	2226
" " Cond'd Rye "	145
" " Corn Meal,	21,468
" " Middlings,	2963
Half bbls Superfine Flour,	5994
" " Corn Meal,	250
Bbls and half bbls Flour, Meal, &c,	254,077
Bbls Corn Meal	29

The demand for Wheat has been quite limited, and prices have again declined 3a5c @ bush. Only about 25,000 bushels Southern and Penna were disposed of, mostly at $1.48a1.50 for prime red, and $1.56a1.60 for white. Rye comes forward slowly and commands 90a95c. Corn has been very dull, but the receipts of it have been small. Sales of 12,000 bush yellow at 69a70c for new, and 67a68c for old, which is declining. 1000 bush old white brought 67c. Oats have been in better demand and prices have advanced. Sales of 12,000 bush Delaware and Penna at 47a 48c @ bush, mostly at the latter quotations.

PROVISIONS.—The receipts of all descriptions from the West continue small. The high rates prevailing there and reduced stocks on hand here, have caused increased firmness in prices. The demand for Pork continues limited, but prices are higher. Sales are 250 bbls Mess at $19.75a20, and 100 bbls Prime at $17 and Prime at $17.50 @ bbl. The sales of city packed Mess Beef are confined to small lots for ship stores at $10a10.50, cash. Bacon—There is very little stock here, and supplies come forward very slowly. Small sales of Hams at 9½a10c @ lb, 50 days for plain and fancy canvassed; 100 casks Sides at 9½ a9¾c for old and new, and 100 Shoulders at 7½a8c. The ward of stock of Green Meats continues to restrict operations. We quote Hams at 10a11c; Sides at 9½a9c, and Shoulders at 7½a8c, 60 days. Lard—The receipts and stock are light, and prices firm. Sales of 100 bbls at 12½a12¾c, and 500 kegs at 13½c @ lb, on time. Butter is steady. Sales of Ohio Roll very prime at 23½a24 cts. Cheese is unchanged.

GROCERIES.—No arrivals of Coffee this week. The market continues firm, and there has been more doing. Sales of 2000 bags Rio in lots at 9½a10c, and a small lot of Java at 14½ @ lb, on time.

Sugars are firmer, and holders have advanced their views fully ½c @ lb. Sales include also 350 hhds Cuba and Porto Rico at 9¼a9½c, on the usual credit.

METALS.—The market for Iron is more active, but prices of Pig Metal are unchanged; 300 tons No 3, on the Susquehanna, sold at $22.50 @ ton, 6 mos; 2000 tons Forge at $20, and 500 tons Country at $20.50a20.75. Blooms range from $70 to $75 @ ton for the different qualities. Boiler Plate is better demand and manufacturers have advanced their prices to 3½c @ lb.

Lead is dull, and no transactions have come under our notice.

Copper is held firmly at the advance. We continue to quote English Sheathing at 31c, and Yellow Metal at 28a29c @ lb, 6 mos.

BARK—The receipts and stock of Quercitron bemg exceedingly small. Small sales have been made at $36 @ ton for No 1, which is an advance. In Tanners' Bark nothing doing.

BREWS'K—Is in fair request, and 2000 lbs Yellow sold at 7½c @ lb, cash.

CANDLES.—There is a steady demand for Adamantine, and further sales of 300 boxes city manufactured were made at 25c @ lb, 6 months, but Sperm and Tallow are very dull.

COAL.—There is no new feature in the market. There is very little shipping East, but liberal sales are making for home consumption at unchanged prices.

COTTON.—The demand has fallen off since our last notice. The market, however, continues quite firm, and in some instances holders have put up their prices to 12c @ lb. Sales of 1300 bales, chiefly Uplands, at 12¼a12½c @ lb, on time.

DRUGS AND DYES.—Opium is dull and lower. Refined Borax has declined to 23a25c. Salts of Soda at 2½c, and Oil of Lemon at $2.25 @ lb, 6 mos.

FEATHERS.—Are but little inquired after. We quote Western at 34a36c @ lb.

FISH.—The stock of Mackerel is very much reduced, and of large fish the market is nearly entirely bare. Prices are firm, but the sales are only in small lots from store at $11a12 @ barrel for medium, 1's; $9.25a9.50 for 2's, and $7 for 3. Large 1's are worth $-3. Codfish sell slowly at $3.50a3.75, and Herring at $4.50a4.75 @ bbl.

FRUIT.—But little doing in any descriptions. Raisins sells at from $2.50 to $3.20 @ box, and Havana Oranges from $5 to $5.50 @ box. Domestic Fruit is unchanged. Dried Apples are in steady demand at 2¾a3c @ lb, and Peaches at 5a6c for unpared, and 10a11c for pealed. Cranberries sell from $10 to $11 @ bbl.

GINSENG.—But little offering, in either Crude or Clarified, and prices remain without change.

GUNPOWDER.—There has been nothing doing, and prices are nominal as last quoted.

HEMP.—There is very little stock here, and no sales have come under our notice.

HIDES.—The market is nearly bare in first hands, and they are wanted. An import of Pernambuco are unsold.

HOPS.—Continue dull; small sales of new Eastern and Western at 5a11c @ lb; old crop sell slowly at 4a6c, with a liberal stock both here and to the Eastward.

LEATHER.—There has been a good demand for both Spanish Sole and Slaughter at full rates.

LUMBER.—The season is now closed. The transactions have been unimportant, and we continue our former quotations for all descriptions. Staves and Hoop Poles are scarce and wanted.

NAVAL STORES.—There has been rather more doing.—Sales of 600 bbls Common Rosin at $1.56 @ bbl, and Soap from $2 to $2.10, as to quality. Tar commands $2, and Pitch $2.—There has been an increased demand for Spirits of Turpentine—partly on speculation—and prices have advanced. Sales of 1400 bbls, in lots, at 40c/a—closing at 40c cash, and 60c on time.

OILS.—Prices continue steady for all kinds of Fish Oils.—Linseed Oil is dull, and sells slowly at 90a95c. Lard Oil is steady at $1.82½a1.65 for Winter. Low bbls inferior sell at 77c 4 mos.

PLASTER.—The market continues entirely bare, and there is some coming forward.

RICE.—There has been more inquiry, and prices are steadily maintained; sales of 240 casks at 4½a4¾c @ lb, 4 mos.

SALT.—There has been no arrivals or sales since our last notice.

SEEDS.—Supplies of Clovorseed have come forward more freely. There has been a fair demand, and 1500 bushels prime sold at $4.31½a4¾, and from second hands at $4.25—a lot of Timothy to go out of the market, sold at $3 @ bushel—in Flaxseed nothing doing.

SPICES.—The sales have been limited, and without change in prices.

SPIRITS.—Brandy and Gin are held with much firmness, but the demand has been quite moderate. N. E. Rum continues to sell at 30c/a35c. Whiskey has been in better demand, and prices have advanced. Sales of 1000 barrels at 25a27c, closing at the latter figure, and bbls at 25a26c.

TALLOW.—Demand limited; small sales country and city rendered at 10½a11c @ lb, cash.

TOBACCO.—There has been a steady trade doing, both in leaf and manufactured, at full rates; 30 cases Pennsylvania seed leaf (fillers) sold at 12½c, on time.

WINES.—The sales have been only in small lots at former prices.

WOOL.—The market has undergone no essential change.—There has been good demand for manufacturing, and with light receipts, and a very reduced stock, the tendency of prices continue upward. Sales of 100,000 lbs from 40 to 65c @ lb, 6 mos, for low grade and fine quality.

BRIGHTON CATTLE MARKET, JAN. 8.

At rets for 830 Beef Cattle, no Stores, 4 pairs Working Oxen, 27 Cows and Calves, 1500 Sheep and Lambs, and 200 Swine.

Beef Cattle—Prices, extra, $8.50; first quality, $7.75; second do $6.75; third do $6; ordinary $4.50a5.

Tallow—6½c @ lb.

Hides—7½a8c @ lb.

Pelts—$1.25a1.50 each.

Calf Skins—13a14c @ lb.

Working Oxen—No sales noticed.

Cows and Calves—Sold at $25, 27, 30a35.

Sheep and Lambs—Extra, $5, 5a5.50; by lot $2.50, 2.75, 3a 3.50.

Swine—6½c retail 8a9c.

Remarks.—The number of Beef Cattle is small to day, consequently the prices have advanced about 25c @ 100 lbs. Some very extra Cattle have been sold at 8a8½c, and the quality generally of Sheep have advanced, and some of them are of excellent quality. There are but few Swine at market, and sales are very limited.

Number of Beef Cattle, Stores, pairs of Working Oxen, Cows and Calves, Sheep, Lambs and Swine, at Brighton market, during the last quarter, ending Dec. 25th, 1856:

Beef Cattle	28,200
Stores	8100
Pairs of Working Oxen	197
Cows and Calves	1254
Sheep and Lambs	37,800
Swine	21,300

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY S. McHENRY, STOCK AND BILL BROKER,

No. 109 Walnut Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Monday last. Market closing steady:

	Bid.	Asked.		Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.			Phil Ger & Nor	65	65½
U S 6 pr ct	100	100	Reading	415	42
" "	97	115	" preferred	44a	50
" "	97	105	Minehill	50	51
" "	95	100½	Har & Lan	86½	90
Phila 6 pr ct	99	101	Chester Valley	4	6
" " new	98	99½	Penna	12	—
" " —	—	—	" preferred	20	—
Cam City 6 pr ct	96	96½	P W & Balt	98	99
Phila 6 pr ct	98	99	Long Island	15½	16
" "	94	95	Wilmport & Elmira	20	20½
" " coupon	94	95	Catawissa	12½	13
All'gy city 6 pr ct	96	98	**CANAL STOCKS.**		
" " coupon	94	95	Shuyl Nav	10	13
Allo do P R R's	90	93	" preferred	25½	30
Penn			Lehigh Nav	30½	32½
" 5 "	82½	82¾	Morris	15½	16
" 5 " coupon	87½	87¾	" preferred	30a	30½
Penn 6 pr ct	97	97½	C & Del	90	91
" "	78	79	Union	19½	19¾
" " coupon	75½	76	Sus & Tidewater	10½	11
Kentucky 6 pr ct	101½	102	**BANK STOCKS.**		
Penn RR 6 pr ct	102	102½	North Amer	154	155
2d m't loan	85	87½	Penna	100	100½
C & Am RR 6 pr ct	72½	73½	Phila'na	122½	123
P & H RR "	90	94	Far & Mec	65½	68
Reading RR "	82½	82¾	Commercial	51½	52
" 2d m "	87	87½	N Liberty	38	40
R & Lan RR "	67	67½	Mechanics	29	29½
P & S RR "	70	70	Southwark	34	35
Che Val RR "	85	87½	Penn'ylvania	28½	29½
Sch Nav RR "	80	83	Kensington	65	65
Phil W & Bal			Girard	112	114
'm RR 6 pr ct	92½	93	Western	69

THIRTY-FOURTH CONGRESS.

SENATE.—On Jan 5th, Mr. Butler, from the Committee on the Judiciary, to which was referred the credentials of Mr. Harlan, Senator from Iowa, and the protest of the Senate of the Iowa Legislature, relative to the subject, reported that the Committee, after careful consultation, had been unable to agree unanimously. Under the instructions of the majority he submitted a report that Mr Harlan had not been duly elected to the Senate, accompanied by a resolution declaring the seat vacant.

Mr. Toombs gave notice that he should submit a minority report.

The House bill for the settlement of the accounts of the officers of the Revolution, their widows and orphans, was considered

Mr. Seward made a long speech in support of the measure, drawing largely from the writings of Washington to strengthen his position

Mr. Pugh opposed the bill, regarding it as the entering wedge of a great system of corruption.

Mr. Stuart made a correction of his former remark, to the effect that if the bill pass, President Pierce will receive $5,250, and not $14,000 or $15,000, for the revolutionary services of his father.

Mr. Seward remarked that President Pierce was not the only surviving child, and the share which would fall to him would not exceed one-half the sum now mentioned by the Senator from Michigan. Adjourned.

On Jan. 6th, the Senate elected Mr. Mason President pro tem.

Mr. Harlan moved that the Senate proceed to the consideration of the report from the Committee on the Judiciary, relative to his claim to a seat in the Senate from Iowa.

A debate ensued upon the motion. Mr. Pratt did not want the question considered till Mr. Toombs had presented the minority report. Mr. Toombs said the only difference of opinion relative to the matter was based upon the application of the law to the facts admitted on all sides. So far as the views of the minority of the Committee were concerned, he could express them as well verbally as in writing.

Mr. Harlan said it should be remembered that the protest of the Senate of Iowa had been before the Senate for nearly two years. All the members of the Committee on the Judiciary had had ample time to investigate the subject, if they had chosen to do so.

Mr. Butler was in favor of proceeding to a decision of the question forthwith. He stood in a position of utter indifference as regards the gentleman who was to be affected by the result, and approached the question solely on its merits.

The government of Iowa consisted of a Legislature composed of a Senate and House of Representatives. The Senators hold their terms for a longer period than members of the House, and are fewer in number, but are fixed by the Constitution as a separate and distinct branch of the Legislature. The House being a more numerous body, in matters of election must have a preponderating influence, and hence concurrent action of the Senate was required. He stated the reasons which influenced the action of the majority of the Committee in coming to the conclusion that Mr. Harlan was not duly elected. These were, in brief, that the Senate as a body did not attend the meetings of the joint convention at which Mr. Harlan was elected, and their teller was not there, as required by law. The Senate had adjourned over, and there was no Senate in session at the time. A majority of the Senators were present in their individual capacity, but the Senate as a body was not there, though the President of the Senate, the only presiding officer of the joint convention, was present pro tem. These irregularities vitiated the election.

He thought that the absence, or the refusal to vote, of any part of the members of the joint convention of the Iowa Legislature, less than a majority of the whole number of members composing the joint convention, did not invalidate the doings of the convention. He thought the fraudulent and factious conduct of Iowa Senators who sought to defeat the election by acting themselves, ought to be rebuked by this body, by the whole American people.

The debate followed.

Mr. Pugh was continued.

Mr. Bayard argued against Mr. Harlan's right to a seat, on the ground of the absence of a quorum of the Senate of Iowa when he was elected.

Mr. Fessenden replied, by showing that the Convention duly organized by the concurrent vote of both Houses of the Legislature, the members ceased to act as Senators or Representatives, and were to be counted equally. Mr. Harlan was legally elected, because he received a majority of the votes of the legally constituted Convention. If the sixteen Senators that absented themselves had been present and voted against him, he would still have been elected; how, then, could their subsequent absence affect his election?

Mr. Seward obtained the floor.

The President pro tem. submitted a letter from Mr. Hamlin, resigning his seat as Senator from Maine. Adjourned till Friday.

On January 9th, Mr. Seward introduced a bill to expedite telegraphic communication for the use of the government in its foreign intercourse.

The House Bill for the payment of invalid and other pensions, was considered and passed.

The Senate then resumed the consideration of the Iowa election case.

Mr. Seward made an argument in favor of Mr. Harlan's right to a seat.

Mr. Stuart took the ground that the election was unconstitutional, and that the report of the Judiciary Committee to that effect was well founded.

Messrs. Brown and Hale favored the claim of the sitting member, and Messrs. Toucey and Douglas opposed it. The subject was passed over without taking the question.

On motion of Mr. Bell, a resolution was adopted relative to alleged interference of the Venezuelan government with the rights of American citizens at the Isle of Aves, in the Caribbean Sea. The Senate adjourned till Monday.

On the 12th, the Senate resumed the consideration of the Iowa election case.

Messrs. Slidell, Adams, Fessenden, Trumbull, Toombs and Houston advocated Mr. Harlan's right to a seat, and Messrs. Mallory, Butler and Benjamin opposed it.

The Senate then adopted the resolution reported by the Committee on the Judiciary, declaring Mr. Harlan "not" entitled to a seat as Senator: yeas 28, nays 18, as follows:

Yeas—Messrs. Allen, Bayard, Biggs, Benjamin, Bigler, Butler, Cass, Clay, Dunnegan, Crittenden, Dodge, Evans, Fitzpatrick, Geyer, Hunter, Iverson, Jones of Iowa, Mallory, Mason, Pearce, Pratt, Reid, Rusk, Sebastian, Stuart, Toucey, Weller and Wright—28.

Nays—Messrs. Bell of New Hampshire, Bell of Tennessee, Bigler, Collamer, Durkee, Fessenden, Fish, Foot, Foster, Hale, Houston, Pugh, Seward, Slidell, Toombs, Trumbull, Wade and Wilson.

In the House of Representatives, on Jan. 8th, on motion of Mr. Yale, a resolution was adopted requesting the President to inform the House by what authority he employs the Government architect for designing and erecting public buildings, and placing them under the superintendence of military engineers.

Quitman vainly strove to report a bill increasing the officers of the Army.

The bill was passed by a vote of 70 yeas to 105 nays, refused to be suspended, as moved by Mr. Walbridge, to enable Mr. Quitman's resolution making the subject of it a privileged question, and thereby bring it up at the special order for the 14th of January.

Mr. Bocock introduced a resolution to suspend the rules for the purpose of acting on various subjects, the House refused.

Mr. Bocock gave notice of an amendment to the Tariff Bill. He proposes that from and after January, 1857, all goods, wares, merchandize, and other products, subject under the existing tariff to pay a duty of 20 per cent., shall continue to be admitted thereafter, and that tea and coffee be included in the list.

Mr. Phillips introduced a bill more effectually to prevent the introduction of spirituous liquors and wines into the Territories. Referred to the Committee on the Territories.

A message from the President's Message was then received, and a debate ensued between Messrs. Stephens, of Georgia, Bocock, of Maryland, and Caldwell, of North Carolina, relative to the propriety of ordering extra copies of the President's Message under consideration, Mr. Barclay defending the course of the President, and Mr. Bocock and Mr. Sandidge, of Know Nothings and defended the course of Mr. Fuller.

The question was then taken on printing the Report of the Superintendent of the Census, and it was decided in the negative.

The House then went into Committee of the Whole on the state of the Union, and resumed the consideration of the bill making appropriations for the Army for the year ending June 30th, 1857.

Mr. Phillips moved to amend the bill by striking out the appropriation for the Military Academy at West Point, and inserting a provision for the abolition of the Academy.

Mr. Phillips spoke in favor of his amendment, and Mr. Quitman opposed it.

Mr. Phillips withdrew his amendment, and moved to strike out the appropriation for the Military Academy at West Point.

Mr. Quitman opposed the motion, and Mr. Phillips withdrew it.

Mr. Quitman moved to strike out the appropriation for the Military Academy at West Point.

Mr. Phillips opposed the motion, and Mr. Quitman withdrew it.

Mr. Phillips

Wit and Humor.

THE PITH ON'T.

There was an old fellow, a good deal of a bore, who used to occasionally worm himself into dinner, where his conversation was not always timely, and not seldom obtrusive. One day Blossom had received from New York some very large fine lobsters, and had served them up to one or two friends sitting at his favorite end of the table. Among them came in also our obtrusionist. He had the misfortune to lose all his teeth, except a long eye-tooth that stood sentinel at the corner of his cavernous mouth.

"What is them 'ere red things, Blossom?" he asked.

"Lobsters," replied the host. "Did you never see a lobster before? They are the finest eating in the world. Try that leg."

Here he gave him a huge claw, and told him to "go to work upon *that*."

He put one end of it in his mouth and began to mumble it over without making any very great progress.

"How do you *like* it," said Blossom, who, with his friends, were ready to split their sides with laughing. They had helped themselves to some other dish, and were *waiting* for their portion of the lobster.

"Can't tell yet," said the other. "How do you eat that cussed thing, anyhow?"

"Oh, eat it right down," said Blossom; "never mind the bones."

By this time the man with his one sharp tooth, had succeeded in drilling a hole through to the meat. Having established a *section*, as Blossom saw, he asked him again,

"Well, how do you like it *now*?"

"Wal," he replied, "it is pretty hard gettin', but I *kinder like the pith on't*."

It didn't need the roar that followed this to satisfy the victim that the pith of the whole matter was that he had been badly "sold."—*Spirit of the Times.*

A GREENHORN ON THE LOCOMOTIVE.—Mr. Snodgrass, Junior, has been "scooting around" at the West, and as some of his experiences are rather amusing we copy an extract, as follows:—

When we got to the depo, I went around to git a look at the iron hoss. Thunderation! it wasn't no more like a hoss than a meetin house. If I was goin to describe the animal's, I'd say it looked like—well, it looked like—darned if I know *what* it looked like, *unless* it was a regular he devil, snorting fire and brimstone out of his nostrils, and puffing out black smoke all round, and pantin, and hevin, and swellin, and chewin up red hot coals like they was good. A fellow stood in a little house like, feedin him all the time; but the more he got the more he wanted, and the more he blowed and snorted. After a spell the feller catched him by the tail, and great Jerico! he set up a yell that split the ground for more'n a mile and a half, and the next minit I felt my legs a waggin, and found myself at t'other end of the string o'vehickles. I wasn't *skeered*, but I had three chills and a stroke of palsy in less than five minits, and my face had a curious brownish-yeller-green-blueish color in it, which was perfectly unaccountable. "Well," says I, "comment is super-*fluous*." And I took a seat in the nearest wagin, or car, as they call it—a conserned long steamboat lookin thing, with a string of pews down each side, big enough to hold about a man and a-half. Just as I sat down the hoss *hollered* twice, and started off like a streak, pitchen me head first at the stomach of a big Irish woman, and she gave a tremenjous grunt and then ketch'd me by the head and crammed me under the seat; and when I got out and staggered to another seat, the cars was a jumpin and tearin along at nigh onto forty thousand miles an hour, and every body was a bobbin up and down like a mill saw, and every wretch of 'em had his mouth wide open and looked like they was laffin, but I couldn't hear nothin, the cars kept such a rackit. Bimeby they stopped all at once, and then such another laff busted out o' them passengers as I never hearn before. Laffin at me, too, that's what made me mad, and I was mad as *thunder*, too. I ris up, and shakin my fist at 'em, says I, "Ladies and gentlemen, look a-here! I'm a peaceable stranger——" and away the dern train went like small pox was in town, jerking me down in the seat with a whack like I'd been thrown from the moon, and their cussed mouths flopped open and the fellers went to bobbin' up and down again. I put on an air of magnanimous contempt like, and took no more notice of 'em, and very naturally went to bobbin up and down myself.

SLEIGHING TIME.—AMERICAN COURTSHIP.—This must be an everlastin' fine country, beyond all doubt, for the folks have nothin' to do but to ride about and talk politics. In the winter, when the ground is covered with snow, what grand times they have a slayin' over these here marshes with the gals, or playin' ball on the ice, or goin' to quiltin' frolics of nice long winter evenings, and then a drivin' home like mad by moonlight. Nater made that season on purpose for courtin'. A little tidy scrumptious lookin' slay, a real clipper of a horse, a string of bells as long as a string of inions round his neck and a strip on his back lookin' for all the world like a bunch of apples broke off at a gatherin' time, and a sweetheart alongside, all muffled up but her eyes and lips—the one lookin' right into you, and the other talkin' right at you—it's e'enamost enough to drive one ravin', tarin', distracted mad with pleasure, ain't it? And then the dear critters say the bells make such a din, there no hearin' one's self speak; so they put their pretty little mouths up close to your face, and talk, talk, talk, till one can't help lookin' right at them instead of the horses, and then whap you both go capsized into a snow-drift together, skins, cushions, and all. And then to see the little critter shake herself when she gets up, like a duck landin' from a pond, chatterin' away all the time like a canary bird, and you a haw-hawin' with pleasure, is fun alive you may depend. In this way a feller gets led on to offer himself as a lover afore he knows where he be.—*Sam Slick.*

RIGHT TO THE LETTER.—Judge R——, of this State, was some years since engaged in the defence of a suit against old Parson C——. In the course of the trial, one or two witnesses testified to one or two facts concerning the worthy parson, which were rather derogatory to his character as a parson. Judge R—— handled the poor witness without gloves, and declared "that he had known the old parson from his boyhood; had *gamboled* with him many a summer's day in the shady hills of old M—— county."

"Oh! Judge," says the parson, "stop, I pray you—if the *truth* will not clear me—my cause must be bad. If it please the court, I declare I never *gambled* in my life."

A JOB'S COMFORTER.—On a visit of condolence to my friend May, suffering under severe affliction in the loss of a beloved mother, I had the misfortune of listening to the ensuing "consolation" administered to my friend and his father by a sympathising female in weeds, something between a Migga and a widow Wattle, who was more than suspected of designs on one or the other, nobody knew which, and she didn't care. "Oh! it's no use to mourn! To cry for spilled milk never did any good! Depend upon it nobody gains nothing by sorrowing; and I'm sure I ought to know, for I've buried a father and a mother, two husbands, and any quantity of other connexions." Ye gods! think of estimating your deceased relatives by the "quantity!" One might as well compute one's living friends by the gross. The end was not yet, however.—Turning to the father, she exclaimed, "And I say the same to you, Mr. Watts. It's no use to mourn. It's just as Colonel Erith, when he lost his third—think he's living with his fourth, isn't he, Mr. Zoar?" appealing to me. "Yes, madam, I believe he is." "Well, as Colonel Erith said, when he lost his third, 'it's no use to mourn for what is passed; we must look forward to what is to come.'" She killed two birds with that stone! It so happened that I had the pleasure (I should say if it were not so melancholy an occasion) of attending the obsequies of this lady's 'second' some weeks before the above-mentioned advice, and after the service, while partaking of certain "funeral baked meats," she inquired how "the thing went off?" (not her husband, but the funeral.) I replied that everything was conducted with marked propriety and the utmost decorum. "Perhaps so," was her answer; "but that red curtain on the middle parlor window was hung so slantin' that I didn't hear a word of the prayer for fear the minister would notice it; he's dreadful observin'!" She mourned for her "second" with a vengeance.—I am happy to say, however, that she is still looking *forward* to "what is to come!" She belonged to the same family with the widow who, when the procession quickened its pace a little, declared, "it's no use to make a toil of pleasure."—*Knickerbocker.*

TWO KINDS OF PREACHING.—An eccentric correspondent of the Congregationalist favors the ministry with the following, among other humorous hints. Two kinds of preaching are hit off by an anecdote. Two ministers, long settled in contiguous parishes, being in familiar conversation one day, Dr. A. appealed to Dr. B. to account, if he could, for the great disparity in the results of their respective labors: Dr. B. facetiously replied, "Oh, I'll tell you, brother. When you go fishing you first get a great hoop-pole for a handle, to which you attach a large cod-line and a great hook, and twice as much bait as the fish can swallow. With these accoutrements, you dash up to the brook, and throw in your hook, with, *There, bite, you dogs.* Thus, you scare all the fish away. When I go fishing, I get a little switching pole, a small line, and just such a hook and bait as the fish can swallow.—Then, I creep up to the brook, and gently slip them in, and *I twitch 'em out, twitch 'em out*, till my basket is full."—*Examiner.*

A NEW MUSICAL INSTRUMENT.—A Hoosier found himself in New York, surrounded by a bevy of fair damsels, who tried to sell him: "Do the ladies play music at the west, sir?" asked one of them with a simper. Hoosier saw the game, and resolved to win. "Oh, very universally, Miss," was the cool reply. "Indeed, I was not aware of that; pray, do they use the *piano, mostly?*" "*Never, Miss*; the instrument we have out our way is the *Serjuette*, and the girls all play it." "Oh, dear! I am sure, positively, that I never heard of that before; do tell me what it is, and how they play." "Well, the instrument is a small pig, and each takes one of these under her arm and *chews the end of his long tail*, and that brings the music?" The girls made no further attempt to "trot out" the Hoosier, concluding there was too much pepper mixed with his greenness.

Useful Receipts.

TO CLARIFY CIDER.—The following is an old but good receipt:—Put newly-made cider into a clean barrel, and leave it to ferment a few days, and then put in it six ounces of ground mustard, tied up in a rag; the cider will become sweet and clear, and remain so until exposed to air.

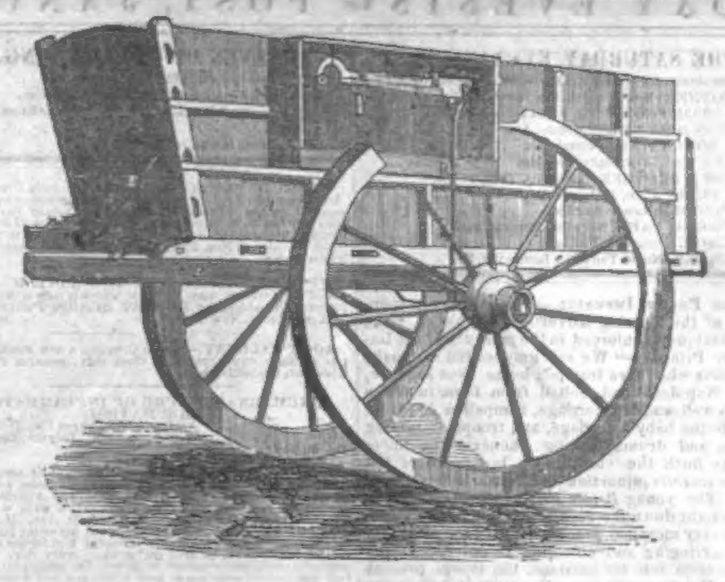
PASTE.—Dissolve an ounce of alum in a quart of warm water; when cold, add as much flour as will make it the consistence of cream; then strew into it as much powdered rosin as will stand on a shilling, and two or three cloves; boil it to a consistency, stirring all the time. When dry, it may be softened with water.

POTTED MEATS.—If sometimes happens to the ladies from some unforseen circumstances, that large quantities of cooked meats, prepared for a party which did not come off, perhaps, remain on hand, which are measurably lost. Such should be potted. Cut the meat from the bone, and chop fine, and season high with salt and pepper, cloves and cinnamon. Moisten with vinegar, wine, brandy, cider or Worcestershire sauce, or melted butter, according to the kind of meat, or to suit your own taste. Then pound it tight into a stone jar, and cover over the top with about a quarter of an inch of melted butter. It will keep months, and always afford a ready and excellent dish for the tea-table.

A REMEDY FOR THE BARK LOUSE.—A certain remedy for the bark louse, is using the common sal. soda, which may be had of any druggists for about 8 cts. per lb. Dissolve it in water, allowing one lb. of the sal. soda to each gallon of water. When well dissolved, apply it with an old white-wash brush to the limbs and trunk of the tree. It destroys all insects which harbor under the loose bark, and effectually kills the bark louse. I use it in spring and autumn when the trees are not in leaf, and its effects are astonishing in giving a new vitality to the tree.—*Cor. Country Gentleman.*

CURE FOR RHEUMATISM.—The celebrated Dr. Arbuthnott says, that a diet of whey and bread is a cure for rheumatism. A physician in the Philadelphia Medical Journal, says: "I have been using cider in acute rheumatism with much satisfaction. I think more of it than of lemon-juice—I allow my patients to drink freely of it; either new or old cider answers equally well. From this fact I am convinced that lemon-juice operates in rheumatism more from a peculiar vegetable principle than from its acid properties, which principle resides in the apple, as well as in many other fruits. It sometimes purges—if so I lessen the quantity until the tendency is controlled when I gradually increase it; or it may be combined with a little laudanum."

BLUE VARNISH.—Copal or lac varnish colored with prussian blue makes a good light blue varnish for the polished iron of new ploughs, or other agricultural implements, the bright metal of which requires to be protected from rain.



MARTIN'S SELF-WEIGHING CART.

The accompanying figure represents a cart that weighs its own load, and for which a patent was granted on the 20th of May last.

It might be inferred that it would be very difficult to raise the cart box with the lever, E, and that a great amount of power would have to be applied to it; but we have been assured that one man can weigh the contents of a cart for drawing coal, with comparative ease. A self-weighing cart is certainly an acquisition to the public. A person purchasing a ton of coal can weigh it himself in such a cart, and thus avoid being cheated; and so likewise with anything else in the cart from the weight of a few pounds up to tons. This invention is certainly a useful one, and deserves to come into general use; in fact, its general adoption will no doubt soon be demanded by the public. A few of these carts have been in use in Burlington, N. J., for six months, and are said to have given satisfaction. The patent has been assigned to the inventor, and to Lewis Rothermel, who is about introducing these carts into Philadelphia; if inquiries are made at No. 80 Walnut street, information respecting them may be obtained; and for further information, address Messrs. Martin & Rothermel, at Burlington, aforesaid.

Agricultural.

THE BEST CATTLE FOR SLAUGHTERING.

The rearing of cattle for the beef market will certainly call into requisition a larger amount of scientific and experimental knowledge, when the consumers and venders of beef shall have made the discovery, more generally than at present, that the beef of certain breeds, and still more, of certain modes of feeding, is greatly superior to that otherwise produced. When a proper distinction of this shall be more generally made, there will be a call for superiorly fed animals, which will attract more attention and greater numbers to that department of agricultural skill and labor.

To those who are at present engaged in the raising of cattle for the market, or in the production of the best quality of beef, it may be both interesting and instructive to be informed as to the principles and practices of those who have been the longest employed in this department of business, and who have brought to its pursuit all the resources or helps to be found in physiology, chemistry, the analysis of food, &c., together with the facts accumulated during a long experience. That the business of rearing and feeding of animals for the production of beef and other kinds of meat has been pursued during a longer series of years, and has received much more attention in Great Britain, than it has, as yet, in this country, will be at once acknowledged and admitted. From the best experience of those in *that* country, who are the most successful in this department of business, there are few in *this* country, we presume, but might gather many useful hints and items of information. We have, accordingly, been induced to select a few such hints and items from recently published essays and discussions, giving the results of the experience of those who have been most skillful and most successful, in the business referred to, on the other side of the Atlantic.

To obtain stock best fitted for feeding, or for the laying on of fat and flesh and early maturity, breeding by crossing distinct or allied breeds is much resorted to among British feeders. It is a fact, pretty generally known, we presume, that a vigorous progeny is usually obtained as the result of a cross of two distinct breeds. This fact or law is the foundation and explanation of the practice just named. Another result of the crossing of breeds is, that the offspring are generally precocious, with a tendency to an increase of size. To secure this result with the greatest degree of certainty, and to the utmost extent, it is the usual practice to select a male having the peculiar properties of early maturity, and the disposition to accumulate flesh and fat rapidly. Size is also a quality which is regarded; but ought to be, always, deemed of less importance than a hereditary tendency to obesity, precocity, and superior quality of flesh. As the Shorthorns possess these qualities in an eminent degree, this breed is almost invariably resorted to for a male for crossing females of other breeds. Where the rearing of cattle is followed mainly with the view of obtaining stock for the production of beef, the practice in many districts is to use a pure bred male of the Shorthorn breed, with a female of the breed peculiar to or prevalent in the particular district. This system of crossing is gradually extending over the whole of Great Britain and Ireland. This class of cattle is rapidly extending in most of the northern counties of England, where the breeding of cattle is practiced to any great extent. The dairies in London, also, are mostly supplied with cows so bred.

In both of these respects we might follow the practice of our British brethren, with good prospect of similar results. For here, as there, the Shorthorn breed is peculiarly characteristic by a tendency to early maturity and to a great accumulation of fat. This breed is also possessed of valuable qualities as dairy stock, though their lactative capacities have not been cultivated so much as their capacity for laying on fat and flesh.—*Country Gentleman.*

WHAT IS DREDGE?—Dredge is "from a noun now known only as a provincial word, which signifies a mixture of Oats and Barley sown together." Dredge, we are told, is often sown in the neighborhood of Blandford, and used as food for farm-horses. When Barley is grown there, it produces a thin grain, with a bad yield per acre, but when grown mixed with Oats they get a bulky grain, and it is believed it adds much to the weight per acre. They sow one-fourth Barley and three-fourths Oats. This, with a slight admixture of Beans, when given to the horse, tends more than any other corn to produce the muscle and fat which is wasted during the working hours. Barley does not offer so great an amount of flesh forming compounds, but tends more to the formation of fat. Beans contain twice the amount of flesh-producing substances either of Oats or Barley, therefore we add Beans with advantage.—*London Gardener's Chronicle.*

HOW TO MAKE GOOD BUTTER.

A correspondent of the New England Farmer furnishes that paper with the following rules for making good butter:

1. Milk should never be set for butter in a dark, damp cellar—as is the case with butter makers in this section—as the cream is thereby moulded before it has had time to rise, which gives the butter a mouldy taste.

2. The milk is allowed to set too long before being skimmed, which gives it a cheesy taste.

3. The cream is kept too long before it is churned, after it is skimmed, which gives it the taste of the other two; and also a sour taste.

4. The butter should never be washed in water, because it takes away that beautiful aroma so essential to good butter.

5. It should never be taken in a person's warm hands, as the heat melts a certain portion of the globules, which gives it an oily taste, and makes it become rancid very soon.

6. The milk should be set in good clean tin or earthen pans, in a dry, open, airy, and shady place, above ground, if possible, although a cellar may be so built and ventilated, as to answer the purpose. It should never set over twenty-four hours, in warm weather; and for a dairy of three cows or over, the cream should be churned every morning, and never be kept over forty-eight hours in warm weather; in cold weather it may be kept longer.

It should always be about the same heat that milk is when drawn from the cow, and churned steadily, and I have never known it to fail of coming readily; (we use a cylinder churn;) it is then taken from the churn with a wooden butter ladle, into a wooden tray which has been well scalded and cooled in pure cold water; the salt is then worked in, to suit the taste, with the ladle, which is easily done with a little practice, and the buttermilk well worked out; it is then set away in a cool place for about twenty-four hours, when it is well worked over again, as long as milk or pickle can be worked out. Butter made in this way, and put down in stone pots, and kept from the air, will keep good for a long time.

PRUNING.

There is, perhaps, no subject in horticulture so little understood as the principles upon which pruning is founded. The object in pruning fruit trees is chiefly to hasten or regulate the crop of fruit, and induce or retard the development of wood growth. With reference to the former, more depends upon summer pruning and disbudding. Trees are frequently barren from excessive wood growth, which is weakened by pruning during summer. It is a well understood fact among scientific cultivators, that summer pruning weakens, and winter pruning strengthens the wood growth. Hence the practice of nurserymen in pruning young trees after the season's growth is completed, to increase their luxuriance.

Trees that have arrived at a bearing state, if properly managed during growth, would probably require no winter pruning, unless the removal of large and misplaced branches. In the abstract, it seems a negative practice to encourage a luxuriant growth, and then cut it down in winter. It it quite possible to manage trees without having recourse to winter pruning, unless for special objects, as already alluded to. It is certain that much injury is inflicted by the indiscriminate use of the saw and pruning-knife, at this time, especially on young bearing trees.

Make it a study, next season, to disbud and summer prune all growing trees, so that you may weaken and check the wood; pruning such trees now increases their future vigor, since, by diminishing the branches after the fall of the leaves, the roots gain greater preponderance. On the other hand, it is no less necessary to prevent weakness from overbearing. Since the introduction of the dwarfing system, by grafting on weak growing stocks this error has been frequently committed, and unprofitable trees have been the result. It has also had a tendency to throw discredit on the system, by those who from want of knowledge and experience, have been unsuccessful in cultivation. There are many kinds, naturally of slender growth—grafting them on slow growing stock induces fruitfulness, and represses wood growth to an injurious extent. Such trees should have every blossom picked off that appears in spring, all growth carefully retained during summer, and pruned down in winter. Such treatment will be followed by increased vigor, which may be maintained by taking moderate crops, and continued good cultivation.

So much depends upon individual peculiarities in trees, that it is difficult to form a definite rule that would serve as a safeguard to the uninitiated. Close observation, extended experience, and, at the least, a *slight* knowledge of physiology, are indispensable requisites to a successful cultivation of fruits.—*Horticulturist.*

☞ LADIES' FANCY WORK.—Talking.

SINKING STONES.—A correspondent of the New England Farmer, writing to that paper, says among the valuable suggestions in the Farmer, he finds one on the subject of sinking stones, instead of blasting and getting them out. He says in clearing up land last Fall covered with rocks, many of them too large to be moved by a team, he set a man to blasting, but soon found that would not pay. He then commenced digging under and sinking them, and found that one man would sink three times the number that he could blast.

The editor remarks that he will receive still further benefits, for where he has sunk these stones he has also trenched the land two or three feet deep, and if well drained it is in a condition to yield the heaviest crops, if properly manured. The land is also kept on the same level, or if anything, raised a little where the rocks are sunk, and they are still present to attract heat and moisture.

This is a good idea, but it depends something on what kind of land it is done. Of course one would not think of digging under a stone to sink it, where he had to throw up two others the same size in the operation.

ANALYSIS OF SOILS.—Prof. Nesbit, of Kenington (Eng.) Agricultural and Chemical College, in reply to a question, said: "The analyzation of soils often reminded him of the man who, having a house to sell, came with a brick in his pocket as a sample of the house. There might be almost fifty kinds of soil in the same field. The question, What was the nature of the soil of any particular farm? was, in fact, a complicated question." We commend Prof. N.'s answer to the attention of farmers in this country, who have been induced to employ "consulting agriculturists" to analyze their soils, and give letters of advice for high fees.

COMPOSTS.—Lime is a substance which it is an error to use with composts in which we have barnyard manure. It is equally an error to mix lime with any compound rich in ammonia. The tendency of lime in all composts is to promote decomposition and to waste nitrogen, which escapes by union with hydrogen under the form of ammonia, which is the very treasure of the dung heap, and of most other manuring substances.—*Morton's Practical Agriculture.*

HOW TO GET RID OF PESTS.—A writer in the Country Gentleman recommends strichnine as the most effectual means of riddance from such pests of the farm, as rats, mice, crows, foxes, &c. For the mice, he soaks corn in a solution of strichnine, and puts it into the stone heaps, under the stumps, &c. For foxes, he poisoned fresh meat with it, and killed crows with the soaked corn.

THE DEVIL IN THE CHOIR.

In a small village in one of the Middle States, is a church which has been greatly afflicted with repeated difficulties in the choir of singers. In one of these periodic storms, the pastor of the church was interrogated: "What is the matter with the choir?" To this question he very coolly replied: "Nothing unusual; an evil spirit from the Lord troubleth them." Ever since David played the evil spirit out of Saul, the same spirit has been much interested in music, especially in connection with sacred worship. About once a year the devil seems to get in our choir, and goeth not out but by prayer and fasting. The praise of the sanctuary is not a few congregations, seems to be doomed to a discord of voices, or to a worse discord of hearts. There is a radical defect somewhere, some important screw loose, or some present evil spirit which deranges so much, and so often, this part of sacred worship.

Singers are a very sensitive class, easily offended, and hard to be won back to duty. If another happens to occupy their seat, or if the leader suggests in the humblest terms, a mistake in time or harmony, dear me! what a fluttering! Dignity is offended, capacity is questioned, and *their* sense of propriety mortally wounded. Away goes Mr. B. flat or Miss C. sharp to dudgeon from the choir, and the echo's followed.

There may be two choristers about equally competent to lead the music. Instead of dividing the time and burden between themselves, each is apt to crave all the time and honor; and with this mutual purpose, the issue is joined for a trial of strength. Each secures a party from the members of the choir, and perhaps from the members of the congregation. All united we no more than sufficient to form a well-balanced choir, but harmonious they will not be, because Satan has gained possession *to use his knowledge*, that a divided kingdom cannot stand. The successful competitor and his party retain possession of the orchestra. The vanquished party withdraw, and throw off every obstacle in the way of their rivals. In a large proportion of choirs the majority of members are young and inexperienced. Many of them are without hope, and without God in the world. They sing in the sanctuary not as a duty, but as a mere gratification. This is also true of many who profess better things. Too much of the singing in our churches is destitute of heartfelt, spiritual worship. The aim is mechanical execution, artistic attainment merely. The most solemn truths are sung without soul, a heartless sacrifice of display.

If the Holy Spirit is not admitted to the singer's heart, to awaken and other spiritual praises to God, there is nothing to hinder the evil spirit from entering in to dwell there. The withdrawal from the choir of the older and more experienced singers, is a custom often fraught with evil consequences. Good and stable influences are thus withdrawn. The young members need the influences and restraints of the older. The duty of praise must continue as long as the capacity to sing. If there is not room for all in the orchestra, there is room in other parts of the house. When the choir leads in the worship of God, the whole congregation should join heart and voice in that worship. The young should be trained to sing with the older, in the family, in the singing-school, in the rehearsals of the choir, that all may join in the praises of God in the sanctuary. It is a serious fault that custom allows the older singers to abandon the choir.

Those who do the singing must have their own teachers, buy their own books of music, spend their own time and money for the special gratification of *some*, and the special grumbling of others. If the church will not take the responsibility of the praises of the sanctuary, it is strange that the devil should take charge of the choir, and induce them to sing or quarrel, as best subserves his purpose? We have seen a whole church engage in bitter strife because a bass viol was used in the choir. In the estimation of the good deacon and his friends, it was bringing the devil in the house of God.

Let the church labor for the salvation of the choir; then may each and all make melody in their hearts unto God. Thus may the evil spirit be exorcised from the songs of the sanctuary.—*N. Y. Evangelist.*

The Riddler.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 21 letters.

My 13, 1, 12, 20, 2, 13, 2, 13, 16, 2, 9, is a group of mountains in Oregon.

My 1, 5, 6, 12, 15, 18, 2, 17, is one of the components parts of sugar.

My 18, 11, 9, 1, 2, 7, was a King of Israel.

My 20, 13, 1, 7, 2, was a celebrated Levite.

My 24, 7, 13, 20, 4, is a fluid composed of oxygen and hydrogen.

My 9, 2, 17, is said to be an ancient word which signified justice.

My 10, 11, 6, is a term generally applied to vapors condensed on land, especially if those vapors are laden with smoke.

My 15, 20, 7, 21, is that which belongs to law.

My 6, 7, 5, 3, 2, is a county in Indiana.

My 13, 23, 22, 20, 6, 21, is a town in Spain.

My 2, 7, 9, 13, 20, 4, was a Jewish festival.

My 2, 7, 4, 13, 1, 20, 3, 19, 7, 13, 2, is composed of a species of clay mixed with silica.

My whole is a distinguished American poet, who has contributed much that is pleasing to the literature of his country. GAHMEWA.

BIBLICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 55 letters.

My 9, 47, 6, 11, 23, 6, was a city of Moab.

My 40, 22, 49, was the son of Haram.

My 13, 22, 26, 6, 3, 21, 16, 40, 20, was the son of Ptolemy said to have preached the Gospel in the Indies.

My 39, 26, 6, 6, 16, 6, 12, 30, 21, was a name given by Hezekiah to the brazen serpent in derision.

My 7, 51, 22, 39, 48, 19, 35, 29, was a brow band or fillet worn by the pious Jews when going to or return from the synagogue.

My 42, 6, 37, 27, 27, 23, 24, 53, 5, 6, was a Hebrew word signifying water, which the Ephraimites could not pronounce in the manner of the men of Gilead, and by which 42,000 were detected and slain at the Jordan.

My 12, 6, 14, 15, 32, 33, 22, 30, 44, 30, 13, 41, was the title of two Epistles written by Paul.

My 31, 45, 25, 54, 55, was one of the plagues of Egypt.

My 28, 51, 1, 34, 38, 28, 42, was a disciple of Paul, treasurer of the city of Corinth, who resigned office, and became an assistant to Timothy.

My 16, 6, 53, 33, 22, 6, was a surname of Christ.

My 12, 3, 7, 50, 51, was a flat rake used in Judea.

My 17, 22, was a word of mourning used by the Jews.

My 6, 14, 27, 31, 50, 36, 55, was the title of an Epistle by Paul.

My 43, 44, 12, 6, 14, 15, were the bands used to bind Samson.

My whole was a Proverb of Solomon.

BIOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 38 letters.

My 1, 19, 34, 12, was an English poet.

My 3, 24, 36, 22, was Governor of Massachusetts.

My 4, 7, 7, 2, 14, 25, was an American botanist.

My 5, 28, 34, 14, 20, 21, 33, was the founder of the Empire.

My 6, 23, 15, 22, 22, was King of England.

My 7, 32, 36, 32, 34, was a Signer of the Declaration of Independence.

My 8, 38, 13, 24, 30, 22, was a celebrated lawyer.

My 10, 29, 18, 26, 37, was King of Britain.

My 11, 35, 33, 30, 14, 7, 22, was a celebrated painter.

My 12, 19, 20, 27, 7, 22, was a celebrated Statesman.

My 14, 29, 24, 16, was Emperor of Germany.

My 15, 24, 36, 28, was a celebrated Portuguese [illegible].

My 20, 14, 30, 15, 14, 26, was President of the United States.

My 22, 24, 36, 17, 21, 7, was a Hebrew [illegible].

My 24, 32, 31, 14, 26, was a celebrated [illegible].

My 25, 11, 23, 33, 33, was a Prussian officer.

My 26, 8, 21, 27, 14, was King of Syria.

My 28, 7, 18, 24, was a Roman General.

My 29, 10, 7, 7, was a Swiss patriot.

My 33, 1, 32, 9, 23, 37, was a celebrated French [illegible].

My whole is a noble sentiment and its author.

Warren, Vt.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

In yonder wood,
With merry mood,
Cropping his food
My *first* is seen.

He starts around
To take a bound,
He hears a sound—
It was my *second*.

A beautiful flower,
When seen in a bower
After a shower,
My *whole* is reckoned.

CINRO

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is a nickname.
My second is a weight;
My whole is a man
That is certainly great.

Warren, Vt. G.A

TRANSPOSITION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 10 letters.

Without my 5, 4, 7, 9, 8, 10, I am part of the bed.

Without my 1, 2, 3, 4, 7, 8, 9, 10, I am a preposition.

Without my 1, 2, 3, 4, 8, 9, 10, I am an adverb.

Without my 1, 2, 3, 4, is what a goodly number seek after.

Without my 1, 2, 7, 4, 5, 6, 7, is used in a great summer.

My whole is found in every town in the United States.

Girard, Ill. W. C.

GEOMETRICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The perimeter of an equilateral triangle is equal to the area. Required the length of its sides?

Franklin. ARTEMAS MARTIN

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

There is a plank eight feet eight inches long, six inches broad, and one inch thick, which I wish to saw into a square box. Required the size of said box?

Belmont, Ohio.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ If a $10 bill could speak how many letters of the alphabet would it name? (I should say W. (I double you.)

☞ Why does any one putting the roof of a Spartan's house exasperate the owner? Because he makes a Greek *Grecian*.

☞ Why is a young woman disobeying a command every Saturday night, like the Romans during the Ante?—Because she has a gal a week (gala week.)

☞ Why are kisses like the creation? Ans.—Because they are made out of nothing, and are very good.

[The perpetrator of the above has been severely punished by the young ladies as punishment, saying it was a capital punishment.]

ANSWERS TO R[illegible]

MISCELLANEOUS [illegible]
Walker, and Nicaragua.
—A contented mind spread[illegible]
—GEOGRAPHICAL ENIG[illegible]
Missionaries in the Sandwich [illegible]
Rattle-axe CHARADE [illegible]
ed-Foot. ARITHMETI[illegible]
ort. B had $512.513. C [illegible]

HOW TO TAN CHAMO[illegible] SKIN.—In answer to the question about tanning chamois skin, I will say that my experience with a backwoodsman in the Nevada Mountain was to use the brain of the animal killed and make a [illegible] soaking the hide ten days, then rub this slim upon the hide and then come on with a knife. Scrape off the liquor, and the hide is ready for the fancy. My companion used the brains of all animals killed. *Cor. New England Farmer.*